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No. 1

The Jew

Silent and wise and changeless,
Stamped with the Orient still;
In many a country nameless—
In every land, a Will.

Master of two things is he—
Self, and the Power of Gold.
He thinks—the World is busy;
They bargain—he has sold!

Lord of the Marts of Nations
Where the World's wide commerce plies—
Master of infinite Patience,
Slundered by infinite Lies!

Towering, fair-haired Norseman,
Tartar at Novgorod,
Black-eyed Arab horseman,
Zulu chief unshod—

All borrow for War or trading
And promise with oaths not new;
All turn, with the danger fading,
And sneer at the lender—"Jew!"

—By George Vaux Bacon.

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A CHARMING PASTORAL SCENE

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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No. 1

The National Political Situation

A REVIEW OF THE DOMINANT ISSUES OF THE DAY IN CANADA AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY ARE BEING MET BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

By E. W. Thomson

The writer of this article is one of the best informed writers on Canadian politics. Many of us might not agree with his deductions but they represent views of a very important section of the men in public life and students of politics. Mr. Thomson was on The Globe editorial staff many years ago but left at the time that paper advocated unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. He was opposed to it, taking the side of the late Hon. Edward Blake. He made a strong fight in favor of the recent agreement with the United States. It is questionable whether a general election will be held or soon as he prophesies because the census will not be completed for a long time yet, but it is more than likely that the present Parliament will go to the country before its term is completed.

TO understand the Ottawa situation one must keep steadily in mind that the present Parliament is necessarily short-lived. Ministry, Opposition, members all alike assembled in that consciousness, and have been ruled by it ever since. The reason why this twelfth Parliament must be short-lived is that it does not represent Canada of the census of last June, but represents the Dominion of a census now nearly eleven years past. All eastern provinces, including Ontario, are slightly over-represented. The West lacks more than twenty of its due number of M.P.'s.

This would not necessarily make the Parliament very short-lived if the West were in substantial agreement with the East, or rather with Ontario, whose overwhelming vote in the late elections put the collective East against the West on the paramount question of reciprocity in natural products with the States. Outside

of Ontario the collective East agreed with the West on that business.

It is conceivable, though improbable, that the West, if represented according to the last census, might agree with Ontario's vote. It is also conceivable that Ontario, at the election after general redistribution of representation, may reverse or largely modify her vote of last September. Conservatives differ from Liberals in prognosticating on that. The sure thing is that a vigorous element in the West regards that region as far less than duly represented; feels Ontario to be much over-represented, and feels wronged inasmuch as opinion adverse to the West has undue control of public policy.

This situation is bad all around. It is dangerous. It provokes embitterment, and therefore agitation in the West. It is not fair to Ontario. Surely her people, collectively, desire no more than their due

of representation. The wiser of them must know that serious harm to the trade of their province might and probably would come if it were maintained by the Ministry any longer than is necessary, in a domineering position.

A PRUDENT PREMIER.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Borden and his colleagues wish to prolong the unrepresentative Parliament. They appear to be reasonable, prudent, honourable men. They know that their title of office after next year will be flawed if the present Parliament continue. They know that public opinion would credit them with fear of the electorate if they appeared anxious to stave off a Redistribution Act, or the general election subsequent thereto.

Because census returns germane to Redistribution are still incomplete, because they will need much consideration before a just Redistribution can be based on them, and because any Redistribution Bill must provoke long debate, it would have been unfair to expect the Ministry to deal with that matter in their first session. That they mean to tackle it in their second and then go to the country appears plain from the caution of some of their proceedings, and from the evident design of others to win popularity. To secure a ministerial existence more prolonged than that of the short-lived Parliament has been Premier Borden's steady thought.

COALITION.

On that thought he composed his Cabinet. It has been called a Coalition Cabinet—as if there were something essentially wrong in Cabinet union of representative assistants of the previous Ministry. His chosen colleagues had been united not only by their common opposition to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, but by a common prejudice in favor of "protection," and largely by a common hostility to the Fielding-Knox reciprocity proposal. Within my memory every Cabinet since Confederation has been chosen similarly, from all the important factions of the winning crowd.

What truly distinguished Mr. Borden's selection was not that he gave portfolios to both sets of his extremists, but that he gave both sets so many portfolios. When his Orange friends and his "Bleu-Nation-

alist" allies had been supplied, there were few departments left for his Moderates. He thus went precisely contra to the Laurier method of cabinet-making. Hence many able jog-trot Conservatives, who had dragged the Opposition vehicle over a dark, long road, got no oats. Why did those deserving men submit to exclusion in favor of what looks like a Cabinet of irreconcilables? Because they bore in mind the brevity of this Parliament's life.

CAPTURED CHIEFS.

They perceived that the Premier's intent was to leave the ultras of his electorate without leaders of conspicuous force. By enlisting so many big chiefs, the unlike tribes, if disappointed, would be withheld from formidable action against him before the general elections. Hughes, Sproule, Rogers, Cochrane may be able to control one set of inflammables for eighteen months or two years. Monk, Pelletier, Nantel may restrain the opposite set for so short a time. If so, both sorts of ultras in the Cabinet's electorate would be available "next time." Another victory would merge them all as "Ministerialists," or "Bordenites," even as free-traders, revenue tariffers, moderate protectionists, autonomists, "Canada Firsters," "Clear Grits," all sorts of antis to John A. and Tupper became Ministerialists or "Laurierites" when the common leader seemed secure of a long tenure. If, on the other hand, Mr. Borden should be beaten at the next elections, then his contrary-minded big chiefs could again stir up their tribes. On this reckoning Mr. Borden seemed to run great risks of an early Cabinet smash. It has not arrived. His courage seems justified. While this condition lasts we have to call the successful Premier a wise chooser.

In order that the chosen should stay reconciled during the short life of this Parliament, it was necessary to stave off presentation of definite courses on some vexatious matters. "The Navy" is one; "No Temere" another. Both appear to have been handled reasonably *pro tem*.

LANCASTER'S MOVE.

Mr. Lancaster offered a Bill for declaring licensed marriages to be legally contracted anywhere in Canada when contracted in due form, by persons free to marry, before any person provincially

authorized to perform the ceremony. This led to an exceedingly able debate, in which all leading statesmen of both parties were against the Bill. Nevertheless there is in Parliament, as well as in the general electorate, a firm persuasion that the purpose of Mr. Lancaster must be somehow established in law. What can be done? How to do it? On these points Canada needs more information—so said the Ministry, in effect. That was true. In resolving to submit the whole matter to the highest Court for advice, the Premier certainly did no harm. He may produce much good.

HEBERT CASE.

Fortunately Judge Charbonneau's ruling on the Hebert case came just in time to allay excited Protestant opinion, as well as to soothe the Catholic anger that was being excited by some ignorant, intemperate Protestant talk. It is now pretty well understood in Protestant provinces, that neither the Roman Church nor the Quebec Courts attack the civil validity of any sort of marriage authorized by the civil law. As for the right of that Church to excommunicate any of her adherents who marry contra to her regulations—that is her religious liberty. It is precisely what the Orange Order does in British North America—expels, i.e., excommunicates any member who marries a Roman Catholic. Surely such excommunication is within the right of the Orange Order, and no less within the right of any Church. If the Government succeed, as appears probable, in staving off further agitation on the "No Temere" matter till after the general election, delay will have been further justified. The subject is not one on which elections should turn, as that of last September is alleged, by many Liberals, to have turned in Ontario.

"NAVY."

If some enthusiasts thought it poor party tactics for the Premier to stave off announcement of a "Navy" programme till near or after the general elections, it was surely good public policy to thus delay. The people have never been instructed or advised in that business, except by politicians eager to make party capital out

of it, or amateur admirals of the newspaper and other presses. Probably these worthies have not yet convinced a majority of the electorate that it would be improper to postpone a "Navy" programme forever. To allege need for a "Navy" is to beg the main question at issue. That Canada should provide amply for the defence of her shores seems agreed by nearly everybody. It was the original Conservative proposition from Mr. G. E. Foster. On that, the politicians were as one man a few years ago. They argued that such defence would be not only the Dominion's certain security, but the best way of relieving and aiding Great Britain. Eminent Old Country experts have certified the same thing. Probably there are not a thousand people in the Dominion who do not sincerely wish Canada to be made capable of giving Great Britain the utmost aid that can be practically supplied. There are various schemes for supplying it.

AN IMPERIAL PROPOSAL.

That recommended in 1896 by the Imperial Defence Committee of England does not imply a "Navy" for Canada. It implies only adequate coast defence armament. Perhaps it is true that creation of the German and other navies since that time indicates that Canada should have battleships, cruisers, what not, in addition to a coast defence, or even before establishing this. But there has been no clear information from competent authorities to that effect. To get sound, ample information and publish it would seem the correct policy for Mr. Borden.

A Commission on which level-headed Canadian civilians should sit with experts of Navy and Army would be very much in order. There is nothing mysterious, nothing incomprehensible to the mind of any good engineer, lawyer, merchant, mechanic or farmer in problems of defence. Such matters are merely outside their usual line of attention. If some intelligent men of civil occupations were set to study the problems as viewed by experts, those civilians could best decide between experts, as they do frequently in other or, indeed, in all grave public matters.

Canadians want to know what is needed to make their Atlantic and Pacific cities,

mines and settlements really safe from attack at sea. What will such security cost? What should be done first? If the cost of that prime necessary be well within our means, what more can we do for the Old Country? What will that, too, cost? What part of this, too, should we first supply? If this whole business were dealt with sensibly it would probably be found that there is really no marked difference of opinion among Canadians on the matter. Their scribes and spouters have argle-bargled recklessly, each having grasped but one idea among many equally sound and important, which one idea they interminably put forward as The Only. Each wiseacre discourses with intentions as good as his vision is narrow. Premier Borden, if he contrive to get himself, his supporters and the people well educated on this highly interesting and important subject, will probably be rewarded by finding them united in approval of the only course which such education would leave open to his Government, or any reasonable Canadian.

SECURE CANADA FIRST.

That course could not but be the resolute, prompt doing of what a wise Canadian Commission, assisted by Old Country experts, would recommend as the first thing needful. Which thing could not but be the one thing most useful in securing Canada and relieving England. After the first thing, the second, and so on. Nothing permanently appropriate can arrive any other way. To have tackled the first thing would be to end overmuch clamor for fifty other things that may properly be done later. If Mr. Borden's consideration of the brevity of this Parliament's life ordained his postponement of decision touching maritime defences, there is reason for public thankfulness.

Election considerations seem to be influencing the Premier in deciding what to do, as well as what to delay. A Tariff Commission had been promised the Manufacturers' Association. If it were not promptly established they might rebel. That would be very dangerous to the party, who depended much on the Association's political organization in the late elections, and who cannot have time before the next elections to organize as

effective a machine more independently. The commission might have proved less harmful than Liberals feared, since it was to be largely directed by the new Minister of Finance, Mr. White, who appears less protectionist than reasonable. However, the measure for its creation was killed by the Senate in the dying hours of the session, and thus the situation remains.

Mr. Borden and his colleagues had long proclaimed the late Ministry corrupt in administration. They were thus bound to try to prove it. Success in the attempt would furnish them with effective ammunition for the next general fight. Therefore they pushed through an Act providing a Commission for what the Opposition call an "Inquisition" on their past. At first the Ministry seemed inclined to make just provision for defence by any officials or ministers who may be accused. This appears to have been made all right, partly through the intervention of the Senate, a useful chamber, far too much derided and vilified by jokers.

Surely the public, of both parties, feel that the more and the closer the Commission shall investigate the better. I remember well the general disappointment that came of the Mackenzie Cabinet's failure to have the first Pacific Scandal thoroughly probed, and the truly guilty, if any, pursued to genuine punishment. Similarly the Laurier Cabinet failed of carrying out pre-election pledges to root into the whole body of transactions, alleged corrupt, relating to the building of the C. P. R. Such investigation at that time might have enabled the accused to clear themselves, which would have been no less useful to the public than their conviction, in case they could not vindicate their proceedings.

If Premier Borden's Commission explore thoroughly—especially into manifold appalling accusations and imputations long made daily against Mr. Clifford Sifton's administration of the Interior Department—surely the electorate will approve.

We are, however, told that gross charges made against Mr. Frank Oliver, during the late election, are not to be investigated. That may signify that the Ministry now know those charges false. Or it may mean that magnates, said to be involved in the affair, and regarded as very powerful with the Ministry, have intervened. It would

be ridiculous, and damaging to the Cabinet, if the new Inquisition went about burning little, obscure officials, while letting Messrs. Sifton and Oliver grow hale of virtual acquittal. Both may be perfectly guiltless and both are entitled to the justice of being called on to prove that they were maligned, which they certainly could prove in many matters.

HIGHWAYS IMPROVEMENT.

Again, in view of an early general election, the Ministry pushed an Act enabling them to promote highways for horsed vehicles and autos in every part of Canada. Good roads are much needed. They will be very convenient and valuable, if provided. *Prima facie*, the Ministry is enterprising and well-intentioned in the matter. It is easy to contend that the federal money intended for highways should be granted to the provinces. It is just as easy to contend that the proposed extension of federal authority will strengthen the Confederation's bonds, which have been weakened through abandonment of the disallowance and remedial powers by successive Ottawa administrations. Probably the people do not care a hang about constitutional arguments in the business—they want roads. Federal taxation imperceptibly tends to keep them and their roads poor. Hence municipalities cannot afford the highways they were meant to provide. The new programme will restore to them equivalents for part of what customs and excise taxes take slyly out of their purses. However, this contentious measure might have been postponed till after the next elections, but for one thing. It is likely to yield a lot of party capital to the Ins by influencing voters and municipalities in every province.

KEEWATIN AND MANITOBA.

It was necessary to add most of Keewatin to Manitoba. On that everybody agreed. Development and administration in the added territory are required by increasing immigration. Manitoba would not take the addition unembarrassed by a new provision for Separate Schools therein.

That right seems legally or constitutionally as well secured by the Manitoba Act of 1870 as it could be by any cause proposed for the new measure. All eminent lawyers in both parties concurred in view. They put it "up to" Manitoba to

forsoke her unconstitutional refusal to re-establish such schools. If the Roblin Government "make good" they will do much for peace between the creeds throughout Canada.

As for the handsome pecuniary terms granted to Manitoba—they might be more reasonably inveighed against as "favoritism" if Premier Borden had not declared them to be but preliminary to a general revision of federal aids to the provinces, which revision seems highly desirable. Confederation's Fathers never expected that time and progress would make the Federal Government so much richer than the Provincial Governments.

ONTARIO'S RIGHT-OF-WAY.

In respect of giving Ontario a railway right-of-way to Hudson Bay ports and a harbor frontage at Nelson, Premier Borden seems as ingenious and wise as he was surprising. That concession suits Ontario; it suits Manitoba; Saskatchewan cannot but be satisfied by the Ministry's promise to grant a similar right-of-way to any Regina-planned railway. Obviously some of the ministerial proposals, in connection with the Keewatin-Manitoba affair, were arranged with more than one minister's eye on early general elections. Quebec gets Ungava; Manitoba and Ontario get all they can reasonably ask for; Saskatchewan has a fine promise; all the other provinces are told that something good all around is designed. Great electioneering, indeed.

WHO'LL WIN?

But can the ministry win those elections? If not, their defeat won't be due to any lack of enterprise, ingenuity, intellectual force, or nerve. Instead of loafing through their first session, on the plea that they were new to the job, the Ministry have done much work, including passage of the Act touching elevators, which is mainly what the Laurier Ministry proposed. It remains to be seen that the Commission under that Act will fail, as western grain-growers fear, to get the farmers better supplied with cars than they were under the old Act. Election prospects of the Ministry in the West would be worsened did the Commission hasten to truckle to railways and elevator companies. Hence, it is reasonable to

suppose that the farmers will be better treated, at least for the next eighteen months or so, than they apprehend.

DEPENDS ON WASHINGTON.

To me it seems that the issue of that early election on which the Premier's eye is fixed must depend on what Washington shall do with the Act for implementing the Fielding-Knox reciprocity pact. If Washington repeal that Act, then Mr. Borden's Ministry will profit or suffer only inasmuch as he may be applauded or blamed for final disappearance of hope for reciprocity in natural products, which reciprocity he could secure this session, if he wishes so. If the Washington Act be not repealed before our next distant Canadian elections, then the Liberal party not only can fight the battle of the "pact" over again, but will be compelled by circumstances to do so. They could not get away from the charge of meaning to accept the "pact" if victorious. Hence they

would have to put up a strong fight for it.

With what result? If any reasonable man can look at conditions in the west, can consider the loss, suffering and anger there due to defeat of the "pact," can reflect on how the industries of the East depend on Western contentment and prosperity; can observe those portents of commercial and political danger which arise from the West's bitter disappointment; and can still imagine that the Fielding-Knox agreement would be again beaten in Canada, or even in Ontario, then that reasonable man would think me very unreasonable did I venture to specify my opinion in the case. If I conceal it, please credit me, dear reader, with the caution proper to an individual who was extremely mistaken in prophesying last September. That mishap is, however, no reason why the undersigned native Canadian should doubt that his fellow countrymen will, at the first opportunity, bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

Awakening

The tender glamour of the dreary days
Before Love's full effulgence was complete,
Dwells in my soul. The dim untrodden
ways

That wooed our eager, yet reluctant feet,
The mute communion of our meeting
eyes,

The hand's elusive touch, when still no
word

With its supreme, significant surprise,
The pregnant passions of our beings
stirred.

The shadowy dawn of unawakened pain.
Love's counterpart, with its evasive thrill,
Haunted our hearts, and like the minor
strain

Of some great anthem ere the sound is
still,

Mingled, with all the rapture yet to be,
A note of anguish in its harmony.

—Corinne R. Robinson.

Winnipeg to the Rockies by Water

A NEW WATERWAY OF COMMERCE PROJECTED THROUGH THE HEART OF WESTERN PROVINCES—OUTLET FOR NATURAL PRODUCTS—WOULD FURNISH THOUSAND MILE COMPETITIVE ROUTE FOR RAILWAYS

By Stanley C. S. Kerr

In addition to the transcontinental railway lines, the Canadian West will soon have other important means of transportation. The Hudson Bay Railway will afford an outlet to the north, the Georgian Bay Canal will be a feeder on the east, and the Panama Canal will play no small part in diverting the course of trade on the Pacific coast. These great waterway channels of commerce will provide competition for the railways, will do much in bettering the existing conditions, and will aid materially in the upbuilding of the country. But other great projects are also under consideration—one of them a waterway from Winnipeg to the Rockies, which is described in this article. Already surveys have been made and it is the opinion of competent authorities that the proposed route is feasible, involving a waterway of one thousand miles and extending via the Saskatchewan River from the Rockies to the Pas and thence to Winnipeg.

THE problem of transportation is one which has always been difficult of solution—the Romans, in their desire to make all things point to Rome, built up a network of roads which the soldiers and merchants of Europe used for transportation purposes long after the ancient Roman Empire had ceased to be. Indeed we may safely say that roads and waterways were the only means of transportation down to comparatively recent times. In Europe and in England more particularly towards

the end of the eighteenth century there was great activity in canal building. People realized that carriage by water was cheaper than, and in many cases as rapid, as transportation by coaches and horses. The result was that private enterprise built up the many canals which are to be found in England at the present time. As in England, so in America—the early system of transportation was by roads and at a later date was augmented by the development of river navigation and the opening of canals. Then came the building of great railways which were used extensively for colonization purposes. The railways were built to settle people on the land; the builders looked to the future for their profits and slowly by surely steel rails linked the Atlantic to the Pacific.



AN INDIAN BOAT SNAPPED AT CAMP NEAR THE PAS

The railways have well served their purpose of colonization, and now have become in America powerful and rich corporations, all vying with one another to improve their service, but none apparently

anxious to reduce their freight rates. The great expense involved in the building, maintenance and development of a railway enterprise of necessity makes it an expensive mode of carrying in a continent so vast as North America. In consequence the farmer is now looking for some cheaper medium of transportation and his mind instinctively reverts to the great natural waterways of his country and their half-brothers, canals.

It is a singular coincidence that the southern and northern parts of the continent of North America have, or rather soon will have, two great waterways. We refer to the Panama Canal now in course of construction, and to the North Saskatchewan River. These two water routes when fully developed should lower the very expensive freight rates which prevail in the United States and Canada. Of the Panama Canal we will say nothing here; it is to the Saskatchewan River that we wish to direct attention.

THOUSAND MILE WATERWAY.

For the past two summers the Canadian Government has had surveyors at work on the North Saskatchewan River with the sole object of ascertaining the practicability of establishing a great water-route from the Rocky Mountains to The Pas and from there to Winnipeg—a distance of over a thousand miles. If such a water-route can be established it undoubtedly would be a source of great convenience to the people of northern Alberta and Saskatchewan and would result in another effective and excellent means of transporting the natural products of the Prairie Provinces.

The question naturally arises, is this Saskatchewan River route a possibility? The answer of the writer is in the affirmative, provided enough money is spent on the improvements necessary to overcome the natural obstacles that must arise in any great river. Rapids and shallow places are the only impediments to navigation that must be overcome. When these improvements have been made it would not seem too optimistic to expect that the great volume of traffic which would use the route would soon not only pay for all the necessary operating expenses connected with the locks and dredging but would be sufficient to fully

repay the original expenditure on the river. When that point is reached the waterway would be a source of revenue to the country.

A year ago last summer four level parties were sent on the river from Edmonton to the Pas. Each of these parties was made up of an instrument man, two rodmen, two axmen and a cook, and all travelled in eighteen-foot canoes; each party had three canoes with two men and eight hundred odd pounds of freight to each canoe. Instructions were given to work along-side the river-bank, and to install a "bench-mark" every two miles on which was to be recorded the accurate river slope at these places. Thus the relative level of the whole distance could be ascertained and the rise or fall in elevation was recorded at points varying from two to three miles apart throughout the course of the river between Edmonton and the Pas. In this way it could be found out how many locks, if any, it would be necessary to build, what dredging and other improvements would be needed; such statistics, though seemingly rough, would enable engineers to closely estimate the rise and fall in the elevation of the river. The relative depths and the places where dredging would be necessary were ascertained by taking the level of the water each day and by further sounding the river. In brief, sufficient information was collected to determine the value of the river as a carrying route.

SOME OF THE OBSTACLES.

What obstacles to navigation were observed during the survey? The most serious impediment would naturally be the rapids. On any river of great length there are sure to be rapids and to this rule the Saskatchewan is no exception. Throughout the four hundred miles between Edmonton and Battleford there are, however, only three real rapids. None of them is so bad as to make portage necessary for a shallow-draught craft. The big eighteen-foot canoes with their eight hundred pounds of freight went safely through all of them, for the water in the rapids is deep though in some places very swift flowing. In fact, it may be mentioned that the chief engineer went from Edmonton to the Pas in a stern-wheeler gasoline boat and successfully ran all the



ONE OF THE SIXTEEN FOOT CANOES IN WHICH THE PARTY WENT FROM EDMONTON TO THE PAS.

rapids. This boat draws three feet at the lowest estimate, which is ample proof of the depth of the water throughout all the rapids on the river. The rapids then do not furnish an insurmountable obstacle to navigation. Locks or wing dams could be built where these rapids are. The result of these dams being built is quite easy to foresee; the water kept back would give a sufficiently deep channel for stern-wheelers of shallow draught and, of course, at the same time would solve the problem of the fall and rise in the elevation of the river.

In the whole 752 odd miles between Edmonton and the Pas there are only four rapids which would be serious obstacles to navigation. Of these four the most difficult work of improvement would be required at La Colle Falls, which is about twenty-three miles east of Prince Albert. Improvements would have to be effected from La Colle to The Forks, at which point the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan unite. The distance between these two places is twelve miles and difficulties arise from two causes. First and foremost, the rapids; and secondly, the winding and narrow course of the river—the latter obstacle could easily be overcome by dredging; it is the rapids which would most concern the engineer. In the twelve miles between La Colle and The Forks the river drops about eighty feet—this, however, is not such an extraordinary great drop if we consider what has been

achieved by the building of the great lift-lock at Peterborough. The canal on which this lock has been built facilitates the transportation of western freight between the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario. At Peterborough in four miles there is a drop of sixty-five feet which the lift-lock overcomes. The reader can readily perceive that if at Peterborough a drop of sixty-five feet in four miles has been overcome there is no reason why the drop of eighty feet in twelve miles which the Saskatchewan takes between La Colle Falls and The Forks could not similarly be solved. Either a series of locks or several locks and a lift-lock could be built. The latter would eventually be the best solution, for though a lift-lock would at first be more expensive it would eventually become much more economical both as a time saver and in providing ample capacity for a maximum number of lockages, thus preventing a congestion of traffic. Cadotte rapids, Wipawin rapids, and Tobin rapids are the other three places at which improvements would have to be made to make the river safely navigable—sufficient data has not yet been obtained to state whether at these places it would be necessary to build locks; it is altogether probable that in some places dredging and the erection of wing dams is all that would be needed.

The shifting sand bars are the only other impediment to navigation on the river. These sand bars occur quite frequently before Prince Albert is reached; after



THE COOK AND A PART OF HIS OUTFIT



ANOTHER OF THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S BOATS WHICH WENT FROM PRINCE ALBERT TO THE PAS.

that place they occur but seldom. But sand bars are easily overcome. We must take it for granted that on such a waterway as the Saskatchewan there would be some wing-dams and locks built. The effect of such dams on the depth of the river is very difficult to foresee but it is probable that they would help greatly to reduce and in some cases entirely to eliminate the difficulties caused by the sand bars. Much more water would be stored up; this increased volume of water would sweep away many of the lesser sand bars; the remainder would have to be dredged.

Eastwards from The Forks, at which point the north and south branches of the river meet, the impediments to navigation are very slight. There are a few small rapids which would require to be dredged. Below The Forks sand bars occur so seldom that they need not be considered. About seventy miles before the Pas is reached the Saskatchewan is a deep and easily navigable river. Soundings throughout that distance give an average depth of over fifty feet, which means that no improvements to that part of the river would be needed. The greatest improvement would have to be made between Edmonton and The Forks, but there are no obstacles in that distance which could not be so permanently overcome as to make the river safely navigable for shallow-draught vessels.

The construction of dams and locks on the Saskatchewan would result in not only a great waterway, but would mean that a certain

amount of water power would easily be available—once such a river is harnessed in the very slightest degree, power must result—its value and its use are not for us here to conjecture, but we may safely say that none of it need be wasted.

FROM WINNIPEG TO EDMONTON.

It must be borne in mind that the Saskatchewan also flows from the Pas into Cedar Lake, and from there direct water connection may be made with the City of Winnipeg. It may also be mentioned that at one point in this route where it is proposed to build a dam water power of some 80,000 horse-power will be created,

which could readily be utilized for the milling of wheat and the establishment of other industries. This branch of the river south from the Pas combined with its branch westward would mean the establishment of a waterway from Winnipeg to Edmonton—a distance of no less than 1,100 miles.

The writer is convinced that the cost of the establishment of this great waterway would more than repay the country by its services as a carrier and colonizer. The branch from Edmonton to the Pas would bring products from the Prairie Provinces and would also serve the settlers in the new Peace River country, which must soon become as fertile and settled as its more southern neighbors already are. This branch would further serve as a western feeder for the Hudson Bay Railway as the branch from the Pas to Lake



CHIEF ENGINEER'S BOAT WHICH WENT FROM EDMONTON TO THE PAS.

Winnipeg would serve as a southern feeder. The vessels that would ply on the route would only need to be of the stern-wheeler type of shallow - draught such as are now on the Mississippi. The route would parallel the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways, and would thus afford a competitive water-route, which is the only real regulator of freight rates. Such shallow-draught navigation of the Saskatchewan would provide a great national highway for commerce, which would be of much greater importance to Canada than the Mississippi is to the Uni-



THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S BOAT NEAR PRINCE ALBERT.

ted States, for that waterway runs at right angles to the American Transcontinental route and cannot, therefore, be strictly called a competitive route. It is in the interest of all Canada that this great transcontinental waterway should be completed to give the people cheaper transportation for their supplies and products. The government should be earnestly urged to carry out this great public work, and let us hope that it will not be long before Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prophecy of a waterway from the Rockies to Winnipeg is fully realized.



Eliminate the Past

Eliminate the past! To burn your bridges behind you is the only spirit that cannot be conquered. And right here let me say that too many men, when starting out on important missions, fail for the reason that they leave a way of retreat. A man cannot bring out his greatest reserves, or the best that is in him, if he knows he can retreat when things get too hot. Only when there is no hope of escape will he draw on his every resource.—F. E. Mottou

Two Halves of a Check

By Richard J. Walsh

I WAS sitting in a newspaper office in Toronto, reading a Montreal daily, when I saw the following paragraph:

If the thing that struck down Dave Hennessey at this (his last night and night) of a good watch (last night) for the bandits, Dave would have given it to him.

I read those words over and over. My eyes blurred. The officer I read them, the more my senses were benumbed. A cold, clammy feeling crept all through me; and I was awakened only when Charlie Manning, the editor, cried out:

"Hello, Joe! Round pretty early this morning, aren't you? What you got there?"

I pointed to the item.
"What do you think of that?" I demanded.

"Pretty tough, Joe, sure enough," he answered, stroking his underlip in his characteristic way, "but it might not be our Hennessey. Who gets out that stuff for *The Earth*?"

"Why, Hen Gorman's got that job for life—except for the time that an understudy takes up during the summer—and Hen knows Dave as well as I know him, if not better. Say, 'twould be all right, wouldn't it, to wire Gorman about it?"

"Sure thing! Go ahead. Tell that kid operator I'll be in there after awhile and square it."

Within five minutes I had wired to Montreal.

The answer read:

Item Referred to O. K.

I started for Montreal that afternoon. On the way down—and I was never on a train that ran so slowly—I tried to read a magazine, but couldn't. I never had anything hit me so hard since the day I was born: that poor old Dave Hennessey, friend and confrere, a man who never refused to help anybody during his fifty years of newspaper life—that he had been knocked down and robbed, was positively beyond me.

In Montreal, everybody had a different story to tell, but all agreed that the assault took place at 2 a.m., and not a hundred yards from Dave's office. At the hospital the physicians said that he had received a bad scalp wound and several contusions on the face and body; but, though such injuries to a man of his age made his condition precarious, they thought he would pull through.

The whole thing seemed still more pathetic when I heard that Dave's son—who had met his death in a railway accident two weeks previous, just after he had reached his twenty-first birthday—had given his father the watch on that anniversary.

It may be charitably presumed at this point that the writer of the newspaper paragraph could not have known of the tender associations connected with the watch, else he would never have referred to it as a "bangle."

Every reporter in the city had constituted himself a detective to hunt down the highwayman; but though several men were arrested on suspicion, each one established his innocence.

During the days of Dave's convalescence, jetées of condolence poured in from everywhere—not only from newspapermen, but from men and women in all walks of life. He got along nicely, however—you see, he had lived an old-fashioned life—and in four weeks he walked out of the institution and into the arms of his friends, who had a carriage waiting to carry him back to the "Row." Their joy was so marked that the poor fellow would have been excused had he said, "Deliver me from my friends!"

One day about three months afterward, while talking to an old friend who had just dropped in to see him in his office, the conversation drifted to the assault. "I'd give anything I ever had, Fred, to get that watch. It was the only memento of Tom that I had, but I suppose I'll never see it again."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when his stenographer answered a knock at the door. The very act of knocking at that door was positive proof that a stranger was there.

"Is Mr. Hennessey in?" inquired the caller.

"Yes, sir; just step in. He's engaged at present, but he'll probably see you in a few minutes."

The journalist turned his head to see who it was, and then bowed. The stenographer resumed her work, and the stranger sat down. Soon afterward, Dave saw his friend to the door and then turned to the new-comer. He was under thirty, of medium height, smooth-shaven, and rather "sporty" in dress.

"Good-morning, sir," said Dave heartily. "What can I do for you?"

"I don't want you to do anything for me," returned the young fellow. "I came in here to do something for you."

"Oh, is that it? Well, sir—very pleasantly—this is one of those places where we take everything in sight, and give as little as possible." The stenographer repressed a smile as Dave went on: "Now, what are you going to give me?"

The stranger hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Hennessey, I'd like to see you for a few minutes privately."

"Privately!" burst out Dave. "Why, my dear fellow, there's no need of it at all. Nobody comes in here on anything private. Out with it, whatever it is. Let's have it—Er—what paper are you on? Where do you want to go? How much do you want?"

"I'm not a reporter, Mr. Hennessey," replied the other, smiling at his host's readiness to help. "neither do I want to 'touch' you. My business," he went on, "concerns you, yourself. And another thing: there's too many people comin' in here!"

"Pon my word," commented Dave merrily, as the unctuous humor of this impromptu struck him, "I've often thought so, too; but," he resumed more soberly, "as you seem to think your business so very important, why, come on in here!"—opening the door of an inner office. "Now, sir," he began with just a little irritation,

as both were seated, "I hope you feel at liberty to say what you please, and reasonably assured that what you say can not be overheard. What is it?"

"Well, I don't suppose there's much use beatin' about the bush, so I'll tell you at once that I came here to give you back your watch, an'—"

"What!" gasped Dave, rising to a half-standing position and leaning heavily on the flat-top desk for support. "My watch, did you say? My boy's watch! Ah! And—where did you get it?"

The stranger straightened up as he swallowed the lump that was rising in his throat.

"I'm the man who—who—robbed you," he stammered, "and"— thrusting his hand viciously into an inside pocket of his coat and then drawing it forth instantly—"there's your watch!" he gulped, laying it on the desk.

For a moment each surveyed the other intently. Neither spoke.

Dave trembled from head to foot as he took the watch and gazed lovingly at it. The thief buried his eyes in him. Not a movement of Dave's hands nor of his body escaped his vigilance. The thoughts connected with the events of the past few minutes had so unnerfed the old man that he felt himself sway, and to avoid falling he tried to regain his seat. In rising so suddenly, however, he had shoved the chair back from the desk, and now when he attempted to pull it forward he morosely placed his hand within an inch of his call-bell. Instantly his wrist was grasped with all the ferocity of a hungry cur about to be deprived of a bone, and Dave was hurled back against the wall.

"Git ter—away from that!" the thief snarled, as he snapped the watch off the desk and bounded to the door. "What d'yer think I am—a mutt? So that's the kind of a 'good fellow' you are, eh?" he sneered. "I comes in here to do the right thing by you—because I hears you were all right—and here you are—when you think I usen't oughtn't to make a phony play on that bell! But it don't go, see? This deal," he went on, but in a much lower tone, as though ashamed at the pitch of his own voice, "must go through—strictly on the level, or it don't go a-tall. Are you hop?"

In an instant Dave realized why the footpad had handled him so roughly; but the suddenness of the attack was so amazing that he stared bewildered at his assailant. He saw the precious little keep-case in the possession of the thief; and, while the thought of having it taken from him again was positively maddening, he controlled himself as he said:

"You're mistaken. I hadn't the slightest idea of calling for help. Your coming here to give me that watch had so stunned me that I did not notice where I put my hand. What good would it do me to have you arrested? In the first place, I should be showing a very poor return for your manliness, and probably, along with that, never get the watch. You can see that, can't you? Now, if you will sit down and give me a little time to collect myself, I—"

"That's all right 'bout your collectin' yourself," the other broke in mockingly, still standing at the door with his hand on the knob, "but how about this racket, and that hen in this next room?"—jerking his head toward the outer office—"what'll she do?" And then in the next breath, with grim humor: "What's to prevent her from takin' it into her nut to collect me, eh?"

"She'll give no alarm unless I ask her to. You—*are*—absolutely—safe—while you—*are*—in—my—office. Isn't that enough?"

Dave's earnestness was convincing. The fidgety caller crawled forward, put the watch on the desk again, and sat down, rather shamefacedly.

Not a word was spoken for some time, as Dave dreamily passed his thumbs backward and forward over the memento, while the footpad was plainly on pins and needles. At last Dave said:

"Well, my dear fellow, it is impossible for me to tell you how thankful I am; but I suppose you're in a hurry to go, and I shan't delay you much longer. So, if you'll please give me my check-book out of that drawer on your side there—*it's* in the right-hand corner—I will try to do something for you. Thank you! Now, what name shall I write?"

The thief had started to roll a cigarette. "Name?" Oh, I don't know," he returned with a grin; and then as he ran the edge

of the cigarette across his mouth, "Make it payable to Cash."

"Very well, Mr. Cash; there you are," as Dave handed the check across the desk. "and I am very much obliged to you for your kindly actions. I wish I could make it more."

"Hundred an' fifty, eh? Well, that's pretty good, Mr. Hennessy; but"—blowing the ashes from his cigarette and then laying it on the edge of the desk—"as I don't need all this, I'll just take half, and here's the other half for you;" and with these words he tore the check in halves and passed one half across the desk to his astonished host. "You see, it like this"—he chuckled: "You get a good many touches, an' that seventy-five will help you out, see? And seventy-five is plenty for me just now. Won't that be all right, all right?"

Dave was surprised, yet he could not help but smile at his visitor's humor; but he replied in the same spirit:

"As long as it suits you, it suits me; but how do you expect to cash that half?"

"I don't expect to cash it. I just want it to remind myself once in awhile that I met a man who was sure white all through. That's all."

Dave's eyes moistened with feeling. A momentary wonder filled his mind as to the cause that had made such a man a thief.

"Well, old man, I think I may as well be on my way, but I hope you'll not think any the worse of me for what I did a minute ago. I thought you were tryin' to turn me."

They were now in the main office, Dave in the lead a few steps as they moved toward the door.

Suddenly the stenographer called out: "Mr. Hennessy, that gentleman just dropped something!"

Dave turned to pick it up—it was a wallet—and return it to the owner, when, divining his intention, the footpad leaped lightly past him, and said laughingly as he stood in the doorway:

"It's all right, old man; don't mind it. There's two hundred in it to square your collector's expenses—and give 'way to the coppers!"

The door closed intently, and he was gone.

The Jews in Canada

AN INTERESTING STUDY OF THE CONDITIONS SURROUNDING JEWISH LIFE IN LARGE CENTRES OF THE DOMINION

By John McAre

There are two articles in Mr. McAre's series on "The Jews in Canada." The first, which appears in this issue, deals with interesting characteristics and customs of the Jews who are to be found in the larger centres of the Dominion, particularly in Toronto and Montreal. A graphic description is given of the conditions under which they live in congested centres of population. The second article, which will be published in a later issue will treat of the Jews in Canadian Business Life.

ON the south side of Queen Street, near York, in the city of Toronto, there was for many years a watchmaker's little shop. Inside there sat a grizzled Jew squinting into the interior of watches, repairing clocks and generally tinkering away with the cheap timepieces and jewelry that were entrusted to him because he was cheap. The fact that he thoroughly knew his business was not so important to his customers, though they profited by it. The great point was that Jacob Singer was what they called a "reasonable repairer." Looking at him dabbling away at the entrails of a Waterbury you wouldn't have supposed that he was a millionaire. Yet if I told you that he owned 700 houses in the city of Toronto, and that he bought a new house every month, you would be still more surprised.

Quite a story might be written about Jacob Singer, the poor Austrian Jew, who arrived in Toronto almost penniless thirty-five years ago, and who lived to own more houses in that city than any other citizen. In this story, though, old Jake is mentioned only incidentally as a picturesque and dramatic figure. He died recently the richest Jew in Toronto, and usually the richest Jew in a city on this continent comes pretty near to being the richest man. However, I suppose that nobody would have repined with greater wealth of gesture and suggestion that he was a

very rich man indeed than our friend the watch repairer. In Jacob's case, the reputation of affluence was something to be avoided. So long as they knew at the bank that he was good for any amount he cared to ask for, that was sufficient. To have an increase in the flood of Jews and Gentiles who tried to get some of his money away from him would have been a calamity. So by working every day as a watch repairer, Jacob Singer hoped to do something to discredit the rumor of his great wealth that had got abroad in recent years.

In the matter of prosperity it is a far cry from Jacob Singer to the "sheeney" you can see any of these fine spring mornings, frequenting the lanes, and uttering raucous cries of "Rax, bones and bottles. Any rax to-day, lady?" They are usually dressed in clothing that was made for somebody else, and are adorned for the most part with whiskers that were intended for nobody at all. Little, hunch-backed, cigarette-smoking men, they are out with their posters shortly after daylight, and they continue their toil many hours after the union Canadian workman has gone home for the night. The calves of their legs are familiar with dogs' fangs; other parts of their bodies are acquainted with Christian boots, yet if you could understand how joyfully they told you would be even more surprised than when I told

you about Jake Singer back there a little bit. Most of them have come to us from Russia, where their lives were never safe; where they were never permitted to own anything. This is the land of the free to them, and the occasional insults of our children and the assaults of our roughs are to them like a fine for neglecting to clean off his sidewalk to a man who had expected to be indicted for burglary.

In Canada there are about 100,000 Jews. Nearly half of them are in Montreal. In Toronto, there are in the neighborhood of 20,000, and in Winnipeg, 15,000. The rest are scattered in other cities, a habit that is agreeable to the average Gentile. The richer Jews, of course, do not live in their ghettos. In Toronto they go up on the Palmerston Boulevard and Rosedale; in Montreal they affect Westmount. There is a remarkable



SHOPPING IN A JEWISH DISTRICT.

colony of them north of Queen Street, in Toronto, in the district bounded on the east by Yonge, and on the west by University Avenue. Twenty-five years ago there were no Jews there at all. Now, there is nothing but Jews. It is worth while walking through this district some summer evening, if you have any curiosity to learn how the Other Half lives. In the evening this part of the Other Half lives on the

sidewalks, or leaning out of windows. The streets swarm with old Jews and young, flashily dressed young Jews in the latest Queen Street styles, and patriarchal old Jews in gaberdine and skull cap. Strange noises and smells rise on the air and blend with a Babel of tongues. You might imagine you were strolling through a bazaar in Damascus. You feel that if you had a stronger stomach you would linger a while, inviting adventures. When you get home, you prob-

ably wonder what the medical health officer is about that he permits it.

Fifteen thousand of the 20,000 Jews are herded together in these few blocks, dozens of them living, and happily living in a house, that an Englishman and a Scotchman would find far too small for them both. I doubt, if even two small Canadians, one a Conservative and the other a Liberal, could live in most of them at present. The other 5,000 are sprinkled over the city, wherever rents are cheap

them as there are kinds of Canadians living in Regina. There are rich and poor, good and bad, ignorant and cultured; Jews who are ashamed of being Jews, and Jews who pity Gentiles because they are not the children of Israel. To make many generalizations about the Jews is very much like generalizing about the people of Europe and Asia.

Immigrants who do not mean to go on the land and boost the wheat crop or the apple yield are looked at askance in Ca-



A JEWISH FIDDLER BEING QUESTIONED BY AN OFFICER OF THE LAW

and property delapidated. Some thousand or more live in mansions, and know no more about their brethren in the Ghetto than you and I. They recognize them as objects of charity occasionally, and by occasionally I mean whenever it is necessary, for Jews look after each other well, and the municipality is not often required to do more for a Jew than to get his wife or one or his children into the hospital now and then. So when we speak of the Jews of Toronto, it is well to bear in mind that there are as many kinds of

nada; and since the Jews huddle in the cities they are frequently denounced as undesirable citizens by political economists. However, with the Jews, as with the illustrious breakfast food, "there's a reason." The Jews do not go on the land because they are not farmers. They are not farmers, because to be farmers in the old country whence they came was the surest and shortest road to a cut throat and a pillaged home. A man may be a wealthy stock broker or a flourishing lawyer, and yet be able to look the assessor



SELLING NECKWEAR ON THE STREET

stoically in the face, and declare that he is not worth a thousand dollars a year. But if a man has a lot of property, he doesn't need to look the assessor in the face, for the simple reason that the assessor can look

murderous outbreaks of anti-semitism are apt to occur at any moment, the Jews have learned the advantage of having all their property in a form readily liquified. If they have their wealth in the shape of



A TYPICAL PICTURE OF THE SLUM DISTRICT IN CONGESTED CENTERS

at the property and form his own expert ideas as to wealth.

This is a point even with Gentiles, who realize that if they want to own land, the fact of ownership cannot be concealed. It is a much more serious matter than dodging the assessment with the Jews in more than one European country. For them to own land there is merely to offer an incentive to their persecutors to take it away from them. They have something of which to be robbed, or out of which to be taxed. Many generations of pillaged Jews have taught the European Jew of today that the ownership and occupancy of land is merely a curse. It is the least secure of property there, while with us it is the most secure. Moreover, except in the Pale, it is unlawful for the Jew to own any property in Russia. Furthermore, since

household goods, gems, or even mortgages, they can turn it into British exchange in a few hours, and flee; whereas, if they had property it might take them weeks to realize on it, except at a great loss. These, then, are the reasons the Jews in Canada are not farmers.

WHY JEWS LIVE IN CITIES.

There is another reason. The Hebrew religion is the religion of a city dweller. It puts a premium upon dwelling in tents. For instance, there is kosher meat. Strictly speaking, it is the only sort of meat that an orthodox Jew can eat. It is true that necessity sometimes makes them eat non-kosher meat, but to do so is an offence, to be compared with that of the man who has been a fanatical prohibitionist all his life, and is obliged to take

brandy on his doctor's orders. Kosher meat is not to be had except in cities. It is meat that is supposed to have been consecrated by the rabbis; although as a matter of fact, as far as meat is concerned, any orthodox Jew butcher is a rabbi. The "koshering" consists simply in the killing of the animal that is to be turned into meat. If you take a stroll through the Ward on Friday night, you will see hundreds of men carrying live chickens to the Jewish butcher shops, where the officiating rabbi or butcher will kill them. The fowl then becomes kosher, and may be eaten with impunity, even with relish, by the most orthodox Jews.

With a people so persecuted for thousands of years as the Jews have been, religion is a different matter to what it is with most of us. The Jews have suf-

ficiently learned to cling to, and the dark days were not so long ago or far away for the Russian Jews. It is with them more than an ordinary impulse to attend a place of worship. It is almost a physical necessity, especially for the newcomers. Now, Jewish churches in the country are scarcer than Jewish farmers. What would a poor Jew do in Saskatchewan a thousand miles from a man who could authoritatively kill his chickens or from a synagogue where he could worship? Of course, if he had been bred to farming in the Old Country and could bring with him enough money to buy land, the Jew would go on the farms, too, and if they had their colonies, the problem of kosher meat and synagogues would be easily solved.



A ROW OF STORES IN A JEWISH BUSINESS SECTION.

fered so much for their religion that even if they had begun with indifference to it, by now they would have loved it as the mother loves the son who has streaked her hair with grey. In the dark days re-

As a matter of fact, there is a farming colony of about 600 Jews not far from Winnipeg. They were settled on the land in accordance with the will of the late Baron De Hirsch, who left his millions



BRIGHT LITTLE JEWISH GIRLS.

to help his co-religionists escape from oppression, and who particularly desired that they might become tillers of the soil. The Hirsch Institute in Montreal bought the Manitoba land for the experiment, provided the Jews with implements, employed instructors, and set itself to make them good, Canadian farmers. It is doubtful, however, if a good farmer can be made in a generation, and while the western Jews may not be hungry, they are not making such an emphatic success as growers of Manitoba No. 1 hard that their fame has spread. They are about holding their own, and are able to pay back slowly the capital advanced them through the institute, so that it may be used over again to settle other Jews. Besides this colony, there are probably a few score or even a hundred or two Jews scattered throughout the country, making their living from the

soil. There is a dairy farmer not far from Toronto, for instance, and several growers of garden truck, who have gone back to the land from the tail-board of the peddler's wagon, instead of following the usual procedure, and reaching the east tail from the garden patch.

MOST JEWS START AS POOR MEN.

The Jews who have come into Canada in the past fifty years may be divided into three classes — those who have money, those who have a trade, and those who have neither money nor trade. I do not think there is a case of a Jew with a profession arriving as an immigrant, unless we consider the rabbi as a professional man. The case of the well-to-do Jew coming here is rare, for it a Jew has had a chance to become well-to-do he does not emigrate. Canada as a new country and a land of opportunity does not appeal to the genius



A DELAPIDATED DELIVERY OUTFIT.

of the Hebrew as to the men of Saxon blood. It is not in the new country that the Jew finds his opportunity, and even when the Jew capitalist comes to Canada it is to the larger cities and the older parts that he invariably drifts. As a rule, the Jew who is comfortably off is an English Jew, and as no country on earth is as tolerant of the rare as England, it is not often that he has any motive in leaving for a new land. Therefore, although the

big firms, like Pullman, for instance, will fit out a penniless Jew with a cart, a couple of hogs and a dollar or so of capital. So the refugee can start to work the day after he arrives, if he understands enough about the language. If he does not he is sent out with a rag-picker who has been here longer, and can dicker in English for bottles and broken perambulators. At this work he can make probably a dollar a day from the start. Sometimes he will



THE KOSHER MAN, AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE IN EVERY JEWISH COLONY.

English Jew has played his part in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, as a factor of present day immigration, he is a negligible quantity.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the Jews who come to Canada, therefore, are poor men. Generally speaking, those who have no trade get into the business to which they would appear almost to have an hereditary right. They go to the pushcart. For one thing, to become a gatherer of rags and waste requires no capital to speak of. Five dollars will cover the expenses. One of

make twice as much. Always he has enough to keep himself, and as his work is done on a commission basis, there is never any trouble about getting a job. It is what peddling books is to the Christian. If he shows any particular aptitude for the business he is likely to work up to a horse and wagon in a year or so, and move more swiftly along the road to prosperity.

ARE PROBATION ON OCCASIONS.

Side by side with this willingness to undergo hardship in pursuit of the object



JEWISH RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT THE WATER FRONT.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE JEWS AT THE WATER FRONT.

he desires to attain, there is a streak of reckless prodigality in most Jews. On certain occasions they will spend money in a way to make you gasp. Go to a wedding, if you can get invited, and see how the poor Jews will spread themselves on these occasions. A friend of mine was at a Jewish wedding last winter, when a garment maker was getting married. He noted the viands, the tobaccos and the liquors with a practised eye, and he told me afterward that the blowout had cost the bride's father not a cent less than \$1,000. A Jew who can marry off his daughters, and not spend more than half of what he is worth in the celebrations attending the events will think himself lucky. The savings of years will be freely spent on these occasions, for both religious training and a conception of social duty

impels the Jew to be lavish when his daughter is getting married. His neighbors are prone to detect a close relationship between the amount of affection he has for his daughter, and the amount of money he is willing to spend on her wedding banquet.

As a rule, too, Jews look after their own poor, and individual Gentiles are not often called on to put their hand in their pockets. In Toronto there are not fewer than five societies devoted to Jewish charities, the chief of them being in connection with the Bond Street Synagogue. A favorite method of helping a poor Jewish woman is to give her a little stock of groceries and establish her in a shop. Other poor Jews are then sent to her with orders for provisions, and thus her business is nourished, while the distress of others is

relieved. A hard winter, therefore, will make the woman self-supporting, and next year she may be in a position to assist some more needy than herself. When it comes to charity a Jew from Birmingham is just the same as a Jew from Vladivostok; they are not English Jews and Russian Jews, they are Jews. What they have in common is remembered, not what they have not. Only in the matter of synagogues is there any disposition toward breaking up into cliques founded on a similar European origin.

HOMOGENEITY OF THE JEWS.

This homogeneity of the Jew is due to his religion, in the first place, and to his language, in the second. Yiddish is a sort of Esperanto of the Jewish race. Russians, Americans and Roumanians can get into instant communication with each other, for Yiddish is the tongue of them all. Yiddish, of course, is not Hebrew.

Hebrew is the language of the Jewish religion, but it is a dead language, and few but Orientalists and learned rabbis understand it. The communication of the race is carried on by the Yiddish which is a blending and a compromise of half a dozen tongues. Most of the older generation of Jews never learn any other, except the few words that are necessary for trade. They have not the passion for intellectual improvement that marks that other race with which they are sometimes compared—the Scotch. They are content to talk the Yiddish tongue at home, much to the disgust of their children, who readily learn English, and consider conversations in the old tongue a bore.

The question is frequently asked: Why are the Jews so healthy? In the city of Manchester, according to statistics taken six years ago, the death rate among Christian children under five years of age was 14 per cent.; among Jewish chil-



JEWS MAKING STREET SALES IN THE SUMMER TIME.



A PIONEER'S OUTFIT IN CHARGE OF JEWISH WORKS.



ANOTHER SCENE IN THE SLUM DISTRICT.

dren, 10 per cent. It has been stated, and I believe with accuracy, that the average Jew lives eight years longer than the average Christian. According to data taken in Berlin, among Roman Catholics and Protestants 19 per cent. of the Gentile children die during their first year, and 14 per cent. among the Jews, while of the dissolute and uncared for children under one year, 85 per cent. among the Christians and 33 per cent. among the Jews — showing that even the Jewish infant is better able to survive privation than the Christian infant.

Those who have made a careful study of the health of the Jews assign four great reasons why they are healthier than Christians. Firstly, the flesh they eat is carefully selected, and they abstain from the use of blood, and thus greatly reduce the risk of contracting blood diseases. Secondly, they

abstain from the intemperate use of alcohol, and consequently are stronger constitutionally, are less subject to the various infectious fevers that may be caused or enhanced by intemperance. Thirdly, the Jewish children are reared on their natural food, and thus escape the danger that must accompany the practice of artificial feeding. Lastly, the Jew is charitable to his neighbor.

Our Gentile hygienic arrangements are as near perfect as possible. But it must be remembered, that this state of affairs did not exist a hundred years ago. We, as a people, are only beginning to reap the benefit of our improved systems, whereas the Law of Moses, as followed to-day, has been observed by the Jewish people since the time of the Old Testament. Generation after generation, the Jews, although perhaps neglecting "the outside of the



JEWS DISCUSSING POLITICS IN THE WARD.

plates," have nursed their health, built up their constitutions, and kept themselves clean from the diseases that have blighted and undermined the strength of other nationalities. Hence, the Jew of the present day, blindly following the Mosiac Law of his forefathers in the squalid, over-crowded Ward, is safer from sickness than the wealthy Christian of aristocratic ancestry to whom the very thoughts of such an environment suggest disease.

The Jews have at all times been an exclusive people; pride of race and contempt of the Gentiles around them has distinguished them since the days when they warred with the Amalekites. But what power is it that has kept the Jewish people together—that has enabled them to remain an exclusive people in spite of the many changes to which they have been subjected? It cannot be that the root of their

nationality is in their kingdom, which they left so long ago, and therefore it must be in their religion—in the Mosiac Law, which they have carried with them throughout all their wanderings. It is this code of laws that makes the distinction between Jew and Christian, and therefore it is the relation of this law to health that one must look for enlightenment.

[Note.—In Mr. MacAree's next article the success of the Jews in business in Canada will be treated. Some phenomenal successes have been recorded. An interesting phase of the article will also touch prominent families, originally Jewish, which have since become Christian, and whose members now occupy positions of outstanding power and influence in the commercial and professional life of Canada.]



MORE DISCUSSION AMONG THE WARD RESIDENTS.



THE POSTING OF AN ELECTION PROCLAMATION IN A JEWISH DISTRICT.

Kings and Men

By Owen Oliver

IT was eleven o'clock on the evening of the King's Birthday, and official England and foreigner at the Prime Minister's reception. Charles Anderell, C.B., newly-appointed Director of Documents in the Defense Department—the youngest director in the service—had come on to the Foreign Office, after the official dinner of his department, and in three-quarters of an hour had advanced barely twenty yards along the corridor. He saw no chance of ever reaching the top of the stairs to be "received," and he was thinking of giving up the attempt, when Reginald Delaton, one of the Foreign Minister's private secretaries, beckoned to him from a side passage.

Anderell promptly slipped out of the crowd and joined him.

"There's a back stair, I suppose," he suggested, nipping his forehead.

"Yes," said Delaton; "but you needn't bother about the reception. The Prime Minister is just leaving it, and he wants to see you."

"Me?" said Anderell doubtfully.

"Yes," Delaton assured him.

"Do you know what it is about?" Anderell asked.

"Not the least idea," the youth answered. "Sir George told me to bring you to his room. I've brought you."

He opened a door, closed it behind Anderell and departed.

Anderell found the Prime Minister seated at a table with Sir George Lyntead, the permanent Secretary, with whom he had only the slightest acquaintance. He bowed twice, and received two nods.

"This," Sir George stated, "is Mr. Anderell."

"I know you by repute, Mr. Anderell," the Prime Minister said affably. "I hear that you have the unalloyed regard for red tape of any man in the service."

Anderell bowed. He never wasted words.

"Mr. Anderell has a reputation for decision and initiative," Sir George asserted.

Anderell bowed again; and the Minister eyed him keenly. He liked his silence.

"We are in need of a man who can set for himself," he said slowly, as if he measured his words. "The service is a diplomatic one—outside your particular line; but you won't trouble much about 'lines,' I think. We are compelled to look outside the Foreign Office in order to avoid suspicion. The matter demands several qualifications in addition to capacity and decision, which I assume. I fancy I may also assume courage?"

"I hope so," Anderell answered.

"Our agent must have some acquaintance with Corocin. I believe you have spent several holidays there."

"Yes, sir."

"You speak the language well, I am told. Almost like a native?"

"Yes; I might possibly pass for a native."

"You know their ways."

"Tolerably well."

"Good! I expect you know the Emperor by sight."

"I have seen him several times. I have a good memory for faces."

"Well, we want you to convey a small package to him. It contains some documents of private importance to his Majesty; very great importance." The Prime Minister toyed with the braid on his uniform. "The documents are so important, from his personal point of view, that—there is no bargain, but I think his Majesty's gratitude would secure a certain treaty. Apart from any private service which we may be able to render him, he is friendly to us; but his Chancellor is an important person, and possibly you know his aversion to our country."

"I have been in Corocin," said Anderell briefly.

"Then you may realize that, if the Chancellor had those documents, he would make the fullest use of them. Possibly

you may realize that the Chancellor would not be very scrupulous as to the means of getting hold of them."

"Possibly not," Anderell agreed. "Is there any reason why he should suspect me of having them?"

"None that I can see," said the Prime Minister frankly; "but he has sources of information that we can't make out; so many people are secretly in his service that the Emperor doesn't trust any of his own officials to fetch the documents; and we dare not send them by a Foreign Office man, who would certainly be shadowed."

"Then I must be prepared for shadowing," Anderell said.

The Prime Minister shrugged his shoulders.

"If you are shadowed," he remarked, "you won't hand over the documents."

Anderell set his lips.

"I shall be shadowed," he prophesied. "but I shall hand them over. Leave it to me, sir."

"Well," the great man said, "if you hand them over, you shall not complain of your reward. If any harm comes to you, your family—"

"I haven't any," Anderell stated.

"Unmarried?"

"Unmarried. I don't mind the risk, but I'd like any information about the agents I must guard against, and so on."

"Sir George will give you all the information in our possession," the Prime Minister said. He shook hands, made a few complimentary remarks, and departed. Anderell sat in close conversation with Sir George for an hour. In that time he learned a good deal about the secret service of Corocin. In particular, he studied some photographs of Rewell, the Chancellor, and some his agents. "None of them," said Sir George, "are so dangerous as his daughter. She has her father's passion for intrigue, and she is his best spy. She is a consummate actress, and an adept in disguises. This is her picture in Court dress"—he produced a photograph from a box. "I have half a dozen more in disguises which she wore when she was in England," he added, exhibiting them. "A fisher-girl; a nurse; an elderly woman; a suffragette lecturer—she was actually apprehended by the police over here, but we had to let her go—a countess, and the reputed daughter of a

renowned Jew banker! It is a curious employment for a princess, isn't it? She is said to be one of the most fascinating young ladies in Europe, so you had better steel your heart. She is believed to be still over here in disguise, looking for these very documents. Well, here they are sealed with a secret seal of ours. The Emperor knows it. You will mention the word 'indirection.' He knows that, too."

"Could you lend me that seal, and some violet wax like this?" Anderell requested.

"I don't quite see—" Sir George ruminated.

"Don't you?" said Anderell. "Then, if you don't, they won't, Sir George."

He left a few minutes later with the documents, the seal, and the wax sealed up inside the uniform in which he felt so out of place. Two men jostled against him in the street as he walked to his cab. He felt his pockets "fanned." The men apologized like tipsy gentlemen. He accepted their apologies politely. They got into another cab behind him, and followed it, at a respectful distance. He alighted just round a corner, paid the driver, and stood in a doorway while they passed, pursuing his empty cab. He went to his brother's chambers instead of returning to his own. The next morning he dressed in a suit which he kept at his brother's, and set off for Corocin in the evening. He did not take the usual overland route, but went by steamer round to the Mediterranean, intending to come back from Marseilles by train. He chose this particular steamer, as the first officer was an old school friend. He informed Sir George of his route by letter. There he probably made a mistake. It was conjectured afterwards that letters were "steamed" open by a messenger at the Office, and the contents divulged to curiosities of Rewell.

When he was aboard the ship he had looked a little disenchanted at his belated, and arranged with the first officer that a steward should keep guard over the cabin. He visited it himself very frequently, in spite of the arrangements of the company aboard. The "all-arounders" were principally Miss Emily Priest, a vivacious and beautiful young lady of two-and-twenty, who spoke English with just the slightest hesitation, though very correctly. She had lived much of her life, she said, abroad. He called her Eve, from

her singularly feminine disposition. Curiosity was a prominent feature in it. He told her more about himself than it is likely that the Prime Minister or Sir George would have thought discreet, though he teased her about her Jewish curiosity.

"One is naturally curious about one's friends," she apologized artlessly.

"Naturally," Anderell agreed. "Of course you tell your friends things; and you are sure that they are friends."

He tested friendship by holding Miss Priest's small hand. As it was not withdrawn, he felt able to assume friendship, and to confide in her. He did not tell her of his mission, of course; but he told her more than was judicious, judging by the standard of secrecy observed in the Defense Department. She was very prettily interested in his confidence; so prettily interested that Anderell kissed her pretty hand. Miss Priest then remembered the flight of time somewhat suddenly, and retired to her cabin. She walked up and down for nearly two hours, before going to bed. She kept looking at her hand; and she shivered unaccountably, considering the heat of the weather.

The next evening was the last before their disembarkation at Marseilles; for, as it happened, Miss Priest was disembarking there, too. Anderell seemed drawn two ways: toward the cabin where the despatch-box was chained; and toward the quiet place in front of the wind-screen, where Miss Priest elected to sit. She seemed a little touchy at his restlessness. Apparently, she said, he could not stand her company for more than twenty minutes without a break. He vowed that twenty hours would not be too long for him. She reported that a single hour was long enough for a test. He hesitated and looked at her. She shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose," she said, "you have something in your baggage more precious than I? The 'something of importance' that you won't talk about."

"It is of very great importance," he assured her gravely.

"Then," she said, with her bright eyes sparkling, "I shall try to prove that I am of more use by keeping you here. If you don't stay for an unbroken hour, I shan't

believe that you mean the nice things that you say. Now—it's a challenge."

He begged her to substitute another proof, and explained that it was just the time when the steward who looked after the cabins was at dinner; but Miss Priest was inflexible—remarkably inflexible, for so sweet a young lady. Mr. Anderell also was very obstinate for so facile a suitor.

"I oughtn't to do it for anything," he said at last. "And I will only do it for a temptation that is beyond my power to resist. I give you my word of honor that I will do it on no other terms: At the end of the hour, will you give me a kiss?"

"No!" said Miss Priest. Anderell rose; and she held the arms of her chair very tightly. "Yes," she substituted. He sat down again.

At the end of the hour he claimed payment; and she paid him fairly and squarely. He tried to take interest, but she sprang to her feet and pushed him away.

"I have never done that before, for any man," she said, with a catch in her voice.

"Perhaps you have never liked any other man so well, Emily," he said. "If I thought it were possible—"

"Don't!" she cried in a fierce little whisper. "Don't! It is not possible. Good-night!" She held out her hand. He looked at her. "It is not possible," she repeated. Her tone was final.

He drew a deep breath.

"This is the end of it!" he asked.

"It is the end of it," she said.

"Then," he said, "kiss me again before you go."

She held up her face and kissed him. Then she went.

He took a few turns in the air, apparently oblivious of his despatch-box. He looked at it very closely, however, as soon as he reached his cabin. The lock was smashed, as if by tools. He opened it with the key on his chain. A glance showed him that the bundle was only an imitation, substituted for that which he had left in the box. He sat on his berth with his head on his hand till far into the morning.

He saw Miss Priest for only a few seconds at Marseilles; and, strange to say, he did not attempt to speak to her. She went ashore before the formalities with the Health Officer were completed, while the ordinary passengers were detained. She

seemed to have influential friends. The time-table train was kept back on account of a special to Corona. He felt no doubt that she had gone by that.

It was late in the evening when he arrived at the capital of Corona, and he went straight to bed. Early the next

"I recognize the seal, Mr. Anderell," he said gravely, "but I have reason to fear that the documents have been tampered with."

"I think not," Anderell asserted. "Will your Majesty examine them?"

The Emperor shook his head; but he



HE TOLD HER MORE THAN WAS JUDICIOUS, JUDGING BY THE STANDARD OF SECRECY OBSERVED IN THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT.

morning he made his way to the palace, and, after some delay, obtained audience of the Emperor.

"I was to mention the word 'indirection' to your Majesty," he said, "and to hand you certain documents. Your Majesty will probably recognize the seal."

The Emperor looked at the cover of the documents, and then at Anderell.

opened the package. Then his manner changed.

"Why?" he exclaimed. "These—these are they."

"I have not seen the contents," Anderell said, "but I had reason to believe that they were intact."

There was a long silence.

"Presumably," the Emperor said at

led, "you are aware that—certain persons believe they have obtained them from you?"

"Yes," Anderell agreed. "They obtained a dummy packet from my despatch-box. This was locked up in the cabin of the first officer of the *Katherine*, an old and trusted friend of mine."

"Give me his name," said the Emperor. "He shall be suitably rewarded." Anderell wrote down the name and address. "And now—yourself. No, I will fix the reward for you. You have done me a great service; freed me from the hands of my enemies, and"—the Emperor smiled grimly—"put them in mine."

"I presume," said Anderell, "if your Majesty will forgive the question, that the dummy package is in the hands of Prince Russell?"

"Prince Russell," the Emperor agreed. "Who undertook to place it in mine this morning, unopened. He gave me his word for that. The price that I was to have paid was a treaty unfavorable to your country."

Anderell drew a deep breath. "The price that I have paid for placing the package in your Majesty's hands," he said, "is—a heart! It was the Princess Russell, I think, who—I pray your Majesty to spare the Princess; and, if possible, her father. I ask no other reward."

The Emperor considered for a long time, frowning and biting his lips. "I have said that I will name your reward, Mr. Anderell," he observed somewhat stiffly. "It is for me to deal with traitors in my own country."

"I merely appealed to your Majesty's generosity," Anderell apologized. "I thought that if you knew that suffering to the Princess is suffering to me—I could not take a reward for hurting the Princess."

"I understand," said the Emperor. "It was to avoid a hurt to a woman that I had to pay. My confidence is safe with you."

"Yes, your Majesty."

The Emperor sighed, and turned a paper-knife over and over.

"Wait here while I receive the Prince," he said; and then he talked about indifferent things; the differences in character between the English and the Coronians, and their difficulty in appreciating one another; yachting and sport and art and other things—the fictitious interests of

life. Finally Prince Russell came; a large, dark, gray man. He raised his eyebrows at seeing Anderell.

"Your Majesty's promise was absolute," he remarked.

"Pardon me!" said the Emperor. "It was conditional upon your placing in my hands certain documents."

"Which I now do!" said Russell.

The Emperor smilingly refused the proffered package.

"You may open it," he said. "You will find—shall we say blank paper, Mr. Anderell?"

"Blank paper," Anderell agreed.

Russell looked from one to the other.

"Come," said the Emperor, "open it."

Russell bowed comically.

"Mr. Anderell's word is sufficient for me," he said. "It seems that we—he stopped abruptly—"that I understated him."

"We," the Emperor corrected. "Or shall we say 'he'?"

Russell paled suddenly.

"Your Majesty is never ungenerous," he said. "The responsibility is mine. I pray you to visit on me only. I have served my country according to my lights. I am in your Majesty's hands, and for myself I make no plea."

"It is not only you that I have to consider, Prince," the Emperor said sternly. "It is my country. Do you think I do not know your daughter's cleverness; and her revolutionary ideas? Do you suppose me ignorant of her popularity? There is no peace for this country while she can enter into its politics. There is only one way in which I can be sure that she will cease to have any influence in them."

"Sir?" Russell cried. "You would not kill a woman; a young woman; little more than a child?"

"You must know," the Emperor said, "that I would not. I do not mean death. I mean marriage; marriage in a sphere which will remove her from her rank, and from the possibility of return to it; marriage to a man of a country hated in Coronian, which will alienate the confidence of the Coronians. I give you your choice: disgrace and imprisonment for yourself, and banishment and loss of rank and estate for your daughter—unless she marries this gentleman forthwith."

"But your Majesty—" Anderell began.

"Tut!" said the king. "There is no

compulsion. She chooses freely. I presume you will marry her, if she prefers that to losing her father's freedom and her own estate?"

"I see little likelihood that she would so choose," said Anderell; "but in all things, save honor, my life is at the service of the Princess. Prince Russell will understand that I pledged my love for her in the hope that your Majesty might be inclined to pardon her, from your gratitude to me, and with no idea of this. I plead now that your Majesty will pardon her on promise of good behavior, without other condition."

"I have spoken," said the Emperor. "Prince Russell will send for the Princess."

"Will your Majesty permit me to bring her?" Russell asked. "If I might acquaint her with your Majesty's decision, and save her the humiliation of discussion?"

"Very good," the Emperor agreed. "You can go and tell her. You, Mr. Anderell, will stay. He scented."

When Russell had gone, the Emperor looked through the documents. He sighed several times. Then he heaped them in a tray and burnt them. He turned from the ashes to Anderell.

"A heart is a curious thing, sir," said Anderell. "If I might speak to you, for one moment, as a man. The Princess has a heart, too. She is young. Spare her heart."

"She has not spared yours," he said. "But—very well."

Anderell bent to kiss his hand, but he put it behind him.

"We have dealt as man and man," he said.

Russell and his daughter came soon afterwards. She was very pale, but she faced the Emperor without flinching.

"Well, Princess?" he asked. "Your choice?"

"My choice," she said, "depends upon Mr. Anderell. I do not mean—I am sure that he has not proposed or advocated this condition—"

"That is so," said the Emperor.

"But I do not know if your Majesty's proposal is agreeable to him."

She looked at Anderell; but the Emperor answered.

"It is not agreeable to him, for one reason only," he said; "that it is forced upon him; and because he loves you, he wishes

to forego you. That is so, it is not, Mr. Anderell?"

"It is so," Anderell said.

"I have listened to his pleading. I am prepared to forgive you without any other condition than that you promise unwavering loyalty to me in the future."

"If it please your Majesty," she said, "I find it easier to promise unwavering loyalty to Mr. Anderell!"

The Emperor took two or three steps up and down the room. Then he turned to her.

"Child," he said sorrowfully, "I will not force you into marriage. Be disloyal if you must. I pardon you."

The Princess's proud face quivered. She dropped suddenly on one knee and kissed her Emperor's hand.

"I pledge my loyalty of my own free will," she said, with a sob.

"Then I have gained a good subject," he said; "but you have lost a good husband."

The Princess looked up at Anderell; wiped her eyes, and smiled.

"But your Majesty said that you would not punish me," she protested.

"Emily!" cried Anderell.

The Emperor took her hand and placed it in Anderell's.

"Your reward," he said, and waved them from the room. Then he turned to the Chancellor. "And your punishment! Come! Here I not been a good diplomat, Prince? You cannot oppose the Anglo-Coronian Treaty after you have married your daughter to an Englishman?"

"It is hard to feel my punishment heavy," he said. "My girl is so glad. She was beyond me, and bound to make her own choice some day; and she might have done worse. And your Majesty did not do it to punish me."

"No," said the Emperor. "No."

"Therefore," said the Chancellor, "like my daughter, I render thanks for your Majesty's consideration. I am not conquered by the Emperor, sir, but by the man."

The Emperor put his hand on the Chancellor's shoulder.

"Let us deal with each other so in future," he proposed. "Kings are men, Russell. Kings are men! And Chancellors!"

"But there is always a woman!" said the old Chancellor.



COVENHOVEN, THE BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOME OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAWN.

Van Horne's Summer Home

AN "ISLAND OF DELIGHT" AT ST. ANDREW'S-BY-THE-SEA

A Sketch of "Covenhoven," the Retreat of a Great Railway Magnate

By W. A. Graick

With the advent of spring, thousands of Canadians will turn their thoughts to summer vacations. All will be engrossed in a study of tourist guides and railway tables in order that a desirable location may be secured for the holiday outing, for so much depends on the place and its surroundings. Under these circumstances the time is not inopportune for an article descriptive of one of Canada's most picturesque summer homes, that of Sir William Van Horne, who spends a portion of each year at the "Island of Delight," which is pictured in this story sketch.

IN contemplating the beautiful island at St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, on which that modern magician of pen and paint brush, Sir William Van Horne, lives for a great part of each year, one might almost be persuaded to believe in fairies. A magic isle it truly is. Over a large part of its seven hundred acres Sir

William has waved the wand of a Croesus and a wilderness has been transformed into a garden of the gods. Stately driveways have been hewn through the forest, velvet lawns have displaced thick underbrush, a wealth of flowers and shrubs flourish where once was naught but scrub and rock, white-bellied Dutch cattle browse on sunny

pasture land not long since the resort of wild animals; artistic barns rise higher than the trees that once grew on the site of the barnyard, and a veritable palace of a summer home crowns the southern slope of the island.

All these wonderful changes have been wrought within the span of a few years. The tireless mind of the great railroad-builder has been constantly at work devising schemes for the beautification of his sea-girl home. Like a child playing on the sands, he has let his own sweet will have full sway and has dug and builded, smoothed and ornamented his little slice of the earth's surface to his heart's content. It is as if the great man, having achieved his life's work, had gone back again to the playtime of youth and in his years of maturity was enjoying himself with the joys of a giant.

St. Andrew's is per excellence the summer home of Montreal's four hundred and in choosing it as his place of retirement when the heat waves sweep down from Mount Royal and the pavements of Sherbrooke Street sizzle in the dog days, Sir William had in mind the pleasant company of his confreres of the C.P.R. board. With through sleepers running nightly from the Windsor Station in Montreal to

the next little terminal depot by the ocean shore at St. Andrew's, and with the loss of hotel accommodation, the sleepy little old seaport on Passamaquoddy Bay, just across from the coast of Maine, has awakened of recent years and found itself transformed into the gayest of gay watering places. Perched above its tree-lined streets on a narrow plateau stands the palatial Algonquin Hotel, on the broad verandahs of which Montreal (and incidentally various other society both Canadian and American) takes its ease, when the air grows warm at midday. Near at hand are some fine summer homes, conspicuous among them, Tipperary Castle, stronghold of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. And then away around the four quarters of the compass stretches a panorama of sea and land, island and mountain, wood and field, that defies the pen of a mere prose writer to describe.

Viewed from the high ground on which stands the big summer hotel Minister's Island, home of Sir William Van Horne, appears to be a portion of the mainland. The house, Covenhoven, is in full view across a half-mile stretch of water. But as one approaches the shore, the island disengages itself from the peninsula on which the town of St. Andrew's stands and ap-



A VIEW FROM THE VERANDAH AT COVENHOVEN.

pears what is really is, a sea-bound piece of land. It has this peculiarity, however. At a low tide a bar, connecting island and mainland, is uncovered, and like the children of Israel at the River Jordan, one can walk across dry-shod. For seven hours out of twelve, the bar is above water; then the tide sweeps in from the ocean and the passage that way is cut off. Unless the invader has a boat, Sir William is safe from attack for at least five hours.

From the bar, which joins the island about midway its length to the big house at the southern extremity, a driveway about a mile in length extends. Passing through a rustic gateway, with the name Covenhoven inscribed above, it proceeds between well-trimmed hedges and with a gradual ascent about halfway to the house. Then turning, it becomes an avenue running between arching trees, to its immediate neighborhood.

A pedestrian, if he chooses, can take advantage of an alternative route. He can follow a path which carries him along the top of the cliff—not a rough, unenclosed path, but a walk on which much labor has been expended, bordered on one side by a rock wall over which vines trail and planted with shrubs and flowers, with here and there a rustic seat or a small lily pond. The path, from which fine views are to be had,

is carried to the extreme point of the island, on which stands a small Cuban but looking out over the bay and islands.

Covenhoven House is set some distance back from the point of land and is sheltered to the north and east by a grove of trees, that merge into the original forest. South and west extend the lawns and flower-beds. The extent and beauty of these are difficult to describe. They remind one of the beautiful grounds of an English country estate. Flowers in profusion are mowed in beds that circle the driveways and walks, while everywhere the trim green grass fills in the gaps. Viewed from the wide verandahs of the house, the scene is one to charm the eye and refresh the senses.

Bordering the lawn to the north come the kitchen gardens and beehives. These are of considerable size. As Sir William is constantly entertaining large house parties and besides has a staff of servants, gardeners and workpeople that would do credit to a Duke, there is need for a large supply of vegetables and fruit. For this reason the Covenhoven gardens are surprisingly large. And the hot-houses are correspondingly big, providing fruit in season and out of season. Grapes and peaches are the principal growth and, when the trees and vines



WIND-MILL ON THE LAWN AT COVENHOVEN.



DUTCH BARN AT COVENHOVEN FARM

are producing, the scene within the hot-houses is one to make even a hermit's mouth water.

Sir William's house itself is of the bungalow type and covers much ground. It has accommodation for many guests. Within, its furnishings are as fine as those of the most princely of city mansions. In fact, if one were set down in the Covenhoven dining room without being aware of one's whereabouts, the first thought would be that one was in the midst of some great city. To conceive of such surroundings in a summer residence many miles from any city, would be almost impossible. In the big reception hall and in the dining room as well as in Sir William's studio-study, are hung many fine paintings, some of which are the great man's own work, for the C.P.R. magnate is himself an artist of no mean ability. There is everything provided in the house for comfort and convenience, even to a telegraph instrument, which keeps Sir William in close touch with the outside world.

While the great man's pastime may be said to be his paint brush, his hobby is farming. On Minister's Island he has a farm that may well be considered a model, for he has spared no expense in making it modern in every respect. The farm proper is separated from the house, and its surrounding grounds by the intersection of a

stretch of land, which still belongs to the Andrew's family, descendants of the original "minister" to whom the island first belonged and from whom it derived its name. Of the seven hundred acres of land on the island, Sir William owns about six hundred, and he has over two hundred under cultivation. On this land he raises hay, oats, barley, fodder corn and roots, all of which is, of course, consumed on the island, for

the farm is principally a stock farm.

If one were going in for farming or stock-raising as a financial venture, it is hardly likely that Minister's Island would be selected for the purpose. It is really a poor place for a stock farm. Yet Sir William with indomitable determination has achieved the all but impossible. He has fought with nature and he has won. He has taken unfavorable conditions and has converted them into favorable ones. Only a moneyed man could have done such a thing, it is true, but it is none the less interesting to see it done even by a millionaire.

The man who has played so prominent a part in the history of the C.P.R. knows the importance of understanding details and at the same time of leaving them to others to be carried out. He has put system into his farm management, just as he would into a business concern. While



A BEAUTIFUL AVENUE LEADING TO COVENHOVEN



THE WILLIAM VAN HORNE'S PRIVATE STATION AT THE END OF THE BAR.

personally familiar with every detail of farm work and constantly investigating progress, he leaves the administration of the farm largely in the hands of his overseer, a well-trained and capable young farmer, who lives on the island all the year round. This executive officer directs the operations of the twenty-five men who are required to handle the farm work, be it gardening, building stone walls, felling trees, cultivating grain or tending cattle.



A SECTION OF THE GREENHOUSES



MOTOR BOAT AND YACHT OF THE COVENHOVEN FLEET.

The big barns at Covenhoven Farm have a few touches about them to remind one of Sir William's partiality for the land of his forefathers. They were designed by a leading Montreal architect, though it is safe to assume that their owner had a good deal to say about their construction himself. The Dutch windmill in one corner of the barnyard, even though its arms are inconspicuously American in length, adds ma-



THE OVERSEER'S COTTAGE AT COVENHOVEN FARM.

terially to the general effect of the group of buildings. Inside, the general characteristics are spaciousness and cleanliness. Cement floors have been laid wherever practicable, and there are individual watering troughs for the cattle. The piggery has recently been remodelled, and has floors and partitions of cement with iron troughs.

In such aristocratic surroundings, one naturally expects to find pedigreed cattle, and the Covenhoven

herd is certainly blue-blooded. About fifty head occupy these fashionable quarters. There are two kinds, little brown French-Canadian cows and Sir William's own unique favorites, the Dutch-belted, all first-class cattle. Records are kept of them

all, showing not only their pedigree, but the amount of milk they produce daily. Then in the piggery are to be found an assemblage of distinguished Tamworth hogs, from which excellent hams and bacon may be cured when wanted. Chickens, ducks and turkeys also occupy a corner of the barnyard, and are provided with apartments that are a model of roominess and



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE DRIVING SOME OF HIS GUESTS AROUND THE ISLAND IN A BUCKBOARD.

convenience. All the farm buildings are supplied with running water furnished by the windmill and a regular drainage system has been installed. A large boarding house near at hand provides accommodation at a nominal rate for the men em-

ployed on the estate. Everything up to date in the way of machinery for expediting the work has been provided, and at present a new dairy building is contemplated, which, when completed, will be the finest thing of its kind in Canada. There is nothing archaic about Sir William's way of running a farm.



ANOTHER VIEW OF COVENHOVEN ACROSS THE FLOWER BEDS.

The Warning

By Helen E. Williams

STEPHEN BLAYLOCK was very tired. It was a relief, while he waited to let the doctor out, to sink into the comfortable depths of the worn office chair. In utter weariness he snuggled his head, sideways, into the familiar softness of it, letting his hands hang limply over either side. It was good just to keep still. He stirred restlessly. The time he was wasting! On the table at his side was a pile of law books. There were more on the chair by the window. As he was able for the past two weeks he had slipped down and studied, a damp towel wound about his head to clear his mind, giddy from lack of sleep. If he could only in some sort keep up a little longer until his mother was about again, he could duff in and might still stand a chance for the travelling scholarship. That had been his thought—until yesterday. Then he had learned that although his mother was better the pneumonia had left her with one lung affected. And the doctor's suave voice had gone on to enumerate the things upon which her ultimate recovery depended. Mountain air; nourishing food; care.

"In short—Saranac," Stephen had broken in with a twisted smile.

He had shut the door behind the doctor and come back in here and stared at his books.

Saranac!

And they had barely enough money to tide them over till he entered the firm which would only admit him if he had a year's study in the old law university at Montpellier. He had not opened a book since. He had, mechanically, painstakingly, performed each common task entailed by his mother's illness. He had gone about as usual, forced the usual cheerfulness. But the game was up.

Saranac.

As he sat there in the room where he had dreamed his dreams and done his man's work, he thought of all he must give up along with his scholarship—his chance of seeing a little of the world; his

place in the firm of which of all others he would wish to be a member; the opportunity, perhaps, of representing his ward and sitting in Parliament. All these he must forego to enter some unseemly business because of—Saranac.

If there was only some way. Some way in which he could provide for his mother every comfort and still be at liberty to continue his career. There must be some way, if he could only think of it. He was not a fool. At college he had even the reputation of being rather clever. It was this confounded drowsiness that made him incapable of thought. Now then, for twenty minutes—it was just twenty minutes to five by the old clock on the mantel—he would really try to concentrate his mind, try to hit upon some expedient. Overhead he could hear the doctor still talking in monotonous undertone to his mother. His voice blended with the March wind rising without and the rhythmic tap-tapping of jet pellets, like homeopathic pills, on the window. Shadows were lengthening in the room. Already the dusk was blurring the pictures on the wall. Gradually, he saw the everyday shabby furnishings from a different perspective, as it were with the eyes of another. For as he lay there thinking, thinking, all at once it came to him what he could do. And as the plan evolved and grew in his brain, the clock on the mantel-piece gave the little premonitory click it always did at a quarter to the hour.

It was a large room luxuriously furnished with things that bespoke taste, travel, money. Ten Eyck, connoisseur of pictures when he was not all lawyer, recognized a Copley print, a Sargent portrait, one of Whistler's vague water colours, a Scotch landscape by McWintler and, over in a far corner above the bronze Venus de Milo, a very good water color of the squalid at Montpellier, by an unknown artist. The clock on the mantel

just below the carved Lion of Lucerne, could have come from but one place—Geneva. As the rattling sound it sometimes emitted a few minutes before striking died away, Ten Eyck selected a cigar from the term-ohm jar, Senator Blaylock pashed toward him.

"Yes," he said, "it's an interesting profession, is the law. I've seen some curious things in my day. And one of the most curious," he added thoughtfully, "is how a case will run along for years, and then some little, seemingly insignificant occurrence will supply the missing link—mighty queer it works out sometimes. Now, there's the Robert Krauffmann case. At last I think I have a clue."

"Yes? How interesting. Is it a state secret, or," he laughed a little, "may a mere politician like myself hear of your—discoveries?"

"So far there's not much to tell, but it's the small edge of the wedge."

"What's your clue?" repeated the Senator, carelessly, at the same time moving his chair so that his face was in the shadow.

"I have an appointment to meet my 'clue' in exactly three-quarters of an hour, so I must soon tear myself away from these very excellent cigars."

He stopped to wonder where his host could get them, and was told, and said he must end to that same obscure Jamaican place, too. They really were beyond praise.

"My clue? Well, it was at a dinner out West that I met the man who told me about him. He had been in the Transval at the time of the Boer War, and had had some rather weird experiences. But what interested me was his account of the night they were cooped up at Ladysmith with none too much to eat, and the vaguest notions as to Buller's whereabouts. They got to talking, it seemed, of where they came to come, and so forth, but one chap, Le Messurier—"

"Who?"

Ten Eyck turned toward the corner where his host sat.

"Le Messurier," he repeated. Paul Le Messurier. A French-Canadian. Know him?"

"I have heard of him," the Senator said briefly. "Go on."

"Well, as I was saying, when his turn

came they had some difficulty in making him fork out his past. Finally he muttered something about Buller's never coming in time. Besides, if I name no names," he said, "it can do no possible harm. And it's something of a story. Someone sang out that he liked a good story—a real one—and Le Messurier laughed and answered back that this one was real enough. Then he sobered and told them that he had been a priest. And then he finished round at them and asked if they had any of them heard of the Robert Krauffmann case. They had not, and he went on and told them about it. The stranger's going in and selecting the jewels and writing out a cheque on the Mobson Bank to pay for them. His saying that as they did not know him and might hesitate to accept it without identification, he would stop out and transact some other business, in order to give them time to see that his credit was O.K. Their sending to the bank and learning that no one by that name had deposits there. His coming back—laughing. He had made a mistake, a ridiculous mistake, and made out his check on the Mobson Bank instead of on the Sovereign, where his deposits are. But no matter. He is leaving the city on an earlier train than he had intended, and has decided not to enumerate himself with his purchases, if it will not inconvenience them to keep them until he runs in again. Oh, and his cheque. Mobson ringing up Krauffmann late that night to say that they have been drawn upon for \$10,000 dollars. The cheque was properly endorsed, and they had thought nothing of it until one of the clerks happened to remember that the name signed was the same as the one he had been asked to look up in the morning, and failed to find, and the coincidence had struck him as being a little odd, and he had spoken of it, and it was all right, wasn't it? Of course it turned out to be all wrong—he told it just as we read it in the papers nine years ago."

Ten Eyck paused to light a fresh cigar. "I am not boring you?" he inquired.

"On the contrary, I find it very interesting. Only I fail to detect anything that we did not already know."

"Just you wait. The detectives were doing some of their hardest thinking, the scent was just at its keenest, so to speak.

when the man comes to Le Messurier and confesses—his first confessional. And he knows him. Recognizes him by his voice. He was so—what shall I say?—so electrified, so dumfounded, for the man had always passed for a decent head, mind you, that he got through most of his confession before the priest could collect himself. Then he reasoned with him. But it soon became evident that he had come to confess, not to repent—vastly different things. He could do nothing and of course he was bound to secrecy by his oath. Time went on. When things came to him, in whispers, and later on the same things were discussed everywhere—not in whispers; when, by a curious chain of circumstances, suspicion fell on an innocent man, staining his good name through insufficient to convict him; when the guilty one went on rising by his ill-gotten gains, steadily ingratulating himself into public favor—it sickened Le Messurier. Finally, to cut a long story short, he went through certain formalities which made it possible for him to leave the priesthood. War had just broken out in South Africa. He volunteered, and here he was. And that," concluded Ten Eyck rising, "is all up to the present."

"But how—why—I don't see—"

"Don't you? Well, my dear fellow, you will soon. This Le Messurier is waiting, I expect, at any house now. He doesn't suspect what I am after, but when I have got through with him—very interesting profession, the law."

The Senator came back from seeing his friend out, and dropping wearily into a chair stared at the fire. So this was the way. He had pictured it in so many, many ways. Sometimes it would be just after the votes had been tallied up, and the crowd had taken the horses off and were drawing him about themselves. That man elbowing his way through the throng, was he the one who would tell? On the platform, speaking, how often his knees had gone groggy when a late-comer slipped into a back seat. Perhaps he knew. While all the time it was written in the stars that his best friend, Ten Eyck, would unwittingly set the sleuth hounds upon him. Any effort to dissuade him would in itself be a confession. He had thought, way back in the beginning of it all, that he would save his mother. That

had been his excuse, the justification of his crime. But, as it turned out, he had not saved her. He had only prolonged her life into a two year's death.

And himself? He had succeeded, it was true, but at what a price! It had stained him through and through. Knowing what he himself was, and yet seeing the respect in which, outwardly, he was held, warped his power of seeing good in any one. If the truth were known probably not one of his associates but what had his skeleton carefully looked away. They were whitened sepulchres, all. A veil, as it were, had been drawn between him and the good. He saw only the evil.

And he must go on. Always—afraid or inwardly contemptuous of the stupidity that could not find him out—he must go on. When he had committed his crime he had committed himself to unthought of crimes for years to come. It was all a net work, a hideous network of evil. And now it was closing in upon him. They might not convict him to-day or to-morrow, but sooner or later, sooner

Some one close at hand spoke his name. "Back again," said Ten Eyck. "And I've brought you some company. He couldn't wait, so they sent him on here, and we met just outside. Le Messurier—Senator Blyack. You don't know each other, I believe."

"Blyack?" the figure in the doorway said. "Not know Blyack? Why, he was my first confessor."

It had come. The Senator felt an over-powering constriction of the chest. He could hardly breathe. All the dread, and the fear, and the abasement of the past years seemed concentrated into the present moment. He tried to move and could not. Tried to speak, but no words came. In an agony he made a supreme effort and started up, his forehead beaded with drops. . . . The room was almost dark. Somewhere a clock was beginning to strike five. The figure in the doorway came forward.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the doctor, "but I am going now, and your mother wants you. Had a good sleep?"

Stephen looked at him. Looked round the familiar, shabby room and back again, drawing a deep breath.

"I am glad to wake," he said. "Mighty glad to wake."

The Sermon Factory

ALL SERMONS ARE NOT OF THE HOME-MADE BRAND—
SOME OF THEM ARE MANUFACTURED WHOLESALE

How a Sermon Factory is Operated

By B. Maude

"A Sermon Factory" will be regarded by most people as somewhat of a new industry, particularly by Canadians, who have come to regard sermons as the special creations of the preachers. But they are not always such; indeed, there are agencies which do a flourishing business in preparing discourses. The inner workings of one of these Sermon Factories—an English one—are detailed in a most interesting style in this article by a writer who was formerly connected with the Agency's staff, and whose "stuff," according to the Boss of the concern, was often "as good as a lantern lecture."

A MAN whom I met in the Green Dragon put me on to the business, and very glad I was to get it at the time. The pay, of course, was cruel—a dollar a thousand words for real literary work with plenty of "soul" in it is really ridiculous. But after a course of precarious half-crowns for chance-found news "pars." and only semi-occasional meals at the sausage joint near the bottom of Fleet Street, the prospect of cash down for every word I wrote was like a glimpse of Heaven. And after a week or two of the work I had the comforting feeling that thousands of people were toddling home to their Sunday dinners every week inexpensively benefited by my labors.

The Agency—I will not give its full name for possibly it is still flourishing—occupied offices of a modest and retiring character not far from Chancery Lane and employed two permanent "experts" besides six or eight outside contributors such as myself. It certainly did a roaring business. Most of it was mail order, but a few of the least helpful clients used to come along personally to inspect the goods before delivery. A good deal too came in over the 'phone—speeches chiefly.

There were three rooms. In the outer sat two girls clattering continually at typewriters which wrote with a special type—large and easily read at a distance. In the inner sanctum sat the "boss." Between the two was "the works" where the two experts sat writing sermons and

speeches from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. From that room flowed a stream of eloquence which flooded half England.

The proprietor—we never called him anything but "Boss"—was a genial, pleasant soul, though he sweated his workers most unmercifully. He was, I think, a retired cost-master, and now and again gave short elocution lessons to more timid clients; you could hear him rolling his r's in the inner sanctum till the windows rattled. But his real genius appeared in the conduct of the Agency's sermon work, and into that he put extraordinary energy and an absolutely unique knowledge of his business beyond any other man in England. He was a marvel.

His aids were modest and occupied attractive but not obtrusive positions in most of the church papers and a good many of the dailies as well, country papers especially. They ran some like this:

"ORIGINAL ADDRESSES.—

Sermons and speeches prepared at short notice on any text or subject. Invaluable to Public Men, Clergymen, Ministers and others already overburdened by parochial or other work. Political speeches prepared and revised. Prospectus post free. Strictly confidential.

The Agency—Blank Buildings, Dash Street, London, E.C."

"Overburdened by parochial work" was a line of which the Boss was particularly proud. "Eases down their consciences," he explained. "Lord knows why a parson should have to write his own sermons, but they hate anyone to think they don't. Let 'em convince themselves that it's only lack of time and not lack of eloquence that prevents their doing it and they feel a lot happier."

And I must say the Boss couldn't have been more careful of his clients' interests. Some of them paid a regular subscription, \$25 a year, and got a sermon for every Sunday and three or four thrown in for special occasions—Lent and such like. Others got one only every now and then, paying from \$4 to \$10 for a sermon—the higher prices being for "exclusive" sermons, specially prepared. Political speeches, of course, were all "exclusive," since it would never do to have different speakers spouting identical words in different parts of the country at the same time. The same applied to after-dinner speeches, and the price for this class of work sometimes ran very high indeed—often up to as much as \$35 or \$40.

Sermons, however, were our "big business." Since the same sermon went to six or eight or a dozen different places, they paid pretty well in spite of their low prices.

In the Boss's room hung a great map of England marked off into districts and dotted with little flags. The flags were of different colors indicating different denominations—Anglican (with variations for "High," "Low" and "Broad"), Methodist, Baptist, and so on—and each flag carried a number which referred to an orderly card index.

But the Boss's head was better than any map. He carried half the clergy list in his brain and, I fully believe, he knew all the parishes of England and Wales by heart. Never did he allow the same sermon to go to two parishes which "overlapped"; why, in many cases he even knew off-hand the various parts of England which the members of certain congregations were in the habit of visiting, and avoided sending to districts where they were likely to rehear the sermons which their regular parson had already had. In fact he had a thousand little parial peculiarities at his fingers' ends

and he often spent two days in going through and revising the weekly mailing list.

For example; a charity sermon had been put down for Little Pottleton. "That won't do," the Boss would say, pursing his lips. "There's no poor at Little Pottleton—only county people and funkies. Um—let's see—ah! 'Servants obey your masters,' that'll do for Pottleton; and send that charity gift to St. Barnabas, Murchester." Often he would touch a sermon up a bit—and add a phrase here, alter a sentence or two there—in order to suit the taste of some particular preacher or congregation. I speak of "parishes," but not all our clients were Church of England clergymen by any means. We had almost every denomination to cater for—to say nothing of non-denominational preachers and speakers, temperance lecturers, evangelists and the like.

I never arrived at any accurate idea of the number of sermons actually sent out every week—indeed, as I was only an "outside man" there were many phases of the Agency's work which did not come under my notice—much of what I know came to me through the old scholar—but the number must have been very large. Working like a horse I used to turn in six "skelton" sermons a week regularly, the two "Experts" may have done as many as eighteen or twenty between them, and there were many other outside contributors besides myself. I should say that 200 sermons a week—"exclusives" and "subs"—would be a low estimate of the Agency's output.

The two Experts were quaint characters. One was a young man, in his earlier twenties, with a great gift of denunciation. He chiefly had the non-conformist sermons to do—especially for the smaller chapels where preacher and congregation had a taste for plenty of fire and brimstone. He had another good line in heart to heart talks. But his staff looked polish.

The other Expert was a polished old scholar who, from pure literature, had dropped through every stage of journalism—editor of a magazine, newspaper sub-editor, casual reporter, printer's reader—until, curiously enough, when he reached the level of the Agency he had at last succeeded in curing the evil which had wrought his downfall. As long as I

knew him he touched nothing stronger than ginger ale, but his temperance addresses used to describe the pitfalls of drink and the horrors of delirium tremens in colors that were too vivid to be the result of imagination.

He was a delightful old fellow with an old-fashioned dignity of manner and a stately wit. Kindly, simple sermons and scholarly sermons spiced with classical quotations were his specialty; also temperance addresses and appeals for foreign missions. He had travelled all over the world in his respectable youth and his private opinion of missions to the heathen—which he held in strong disapproval—did not coincide with his written words. Into temperance, however, he could, and did, put genuine sincerity.

Another interesting individual was the after-dinner speech man. Speeches were a side line of his—most of his income was derived from writing musical comedy lyrics—and he was so prosperous that he usually drove up to the office in a cab.

Most of his work was done at lightning speed. Often the order for a speech would come in only on the morning of the day on which it was to be delivered; the Boss would 'phone or wire for his benchman and in an hour or so a panting taxi would deposit him at the door. Dashing upstairs he would run over the chief points of the proposed speech with the Boss, or with the speaker himself if possible, and in ten minutes the sheets of copy would be flying from his desk like autumn leaves in a wind storm. As fast as he scribbled, the sheets would be gathered up and typed, and often the client would hover anxiously in the office during the process, learning—or trying to learn—his speech sheet by sheet as it came from the typewriter. Good stuff it was, too, if apt to be rather light and frivolous.

The Experts were past masters of a great art invented by the Boss for the greater diversifying of sermons. He called it the "brick method" or "sectionalization," and it consisted of writing the stuff in a number of transportable sections, "bricks," as it were, which could be fitted together in a number of different ways.

For instance, the scholar would write say four sermons on kindred subjects—"Brotherly Love," "Friendship," "Family Unity," and "Comradeship." Each of

these contained sections which, while applying excellently to their own text, would also apply to one or another of the other three texts.

When the four sermons had been mimeographed the Boss would shuffle them. Copies going to widely separated points would remain as written; among the rest he would take, say, the fourth section of "Brotherly Love" and transpose it with a section of "Family Unity," another "Family Unity" section would be shuffled into "Friendship," and so on with any number of permutations and combinations.

Of course this could only be done with the cheaper class of stuff, still some of these sectional sermons were surprisingly good in whatever way they were put together. They were more a series of "sermonettes" on related topics, and, considered as such, were among the best work the Agency sent out.

Every preacher knows how difficult it is to be eloquent all through a sermon, and how apt are the rank and file of sermons to be patchy. Most of my work with the Agency was confined to the easiest branch, the production of "Home Fillers," which were designed by the Boss to help parsons to avoid this pitfall of patchiness.

These "Home Fillers" were half-sermons, so to speak; scraps of varying length between which the preacher could sandwich chunks of his own eloquence. We had several clients whom we catered for in this way, and I was supplied with four or five original sermons on which to model my style. Changing from one style to another was wearisome, but I suffered from the same disability as most preachers in the matter of sustaining interest, and I found these patchy bit easier to write than a full sermon of 4,000 to 6,000 words.

I have often felt that I deserved a Government subsidy for these "Home Fillers" for I advertised Canada a whole lot. "I was much impressed," I would begin, "by the wonderful tales of a young friend of mine recently returned from Canada—" and I would go on to talk of "swaying, rippling oceans of golden grain." Or, "Believe me, friends, no labor, no suffering—no righteous labor, no righteous suffering—is without reward—" and I would con-

tinued with a harrowing picture of the hardships of early Canadian pioneers and their eventual reward in the terming cities of the West, the Great New Empire and so on. The Boss was always pleased with this sort of thing. "—takes 'em out of the parish," he used to say. "Good as a lantern lecture, some of that stuff."

Whether or not the Boss did any business out of England I am uncertain. I have a notion that I was employed in the first place with an idea that the activities of the Agency were extended to this side of the water. But if any advertising was done in the Canadian papers nothing came of it during the six months or so that I was with the Agency. I lived in daily expectation of being assigned a sermon for a Canadian congregation, but it never came. Presumably Canadian congregations are regaled with home-made oratory. A thorough search of the Canadian church papers reveals no sign of a similar agency in the Dominion. I am assured, however, that there are several across the border, and sermons are not dutiable in manuscript form.

Doctrine was mostly home-grown in any case—very little came from the Agency at any rate. The Boss never tackled doctrinal matters except to special order and then he usually fell back upon the two or three preachers and clergymen who were on his list of contributors and who were, of course, quite qualified to handle the matter properly. Beginners like myself were furnished with a typed list of the things to avoid or to mention in dealing with the different sects and there was always the Agency library to refer to when a doubtful matter cropped up.

This library consisted of the Encyclopedia Britannica and some hundreds of fragmentary volumes of sermons—all very much second-hand. The Boss used to frequent the second-hand bookstalls in Farringdon Road and, since ancient theological works form a good nine-tenths of their stock, he had no difficulty in pick-

ing up plenty of material. There was not very much to be cribbed from these works, however. The best of them were pretty well known to and used by the clergy already and the rest belonged to the violent period of theological hair-splitting—of little use to the modern sermon writer. However, an occasional quotation from one of them gave a pleasant air of theological erudition to a sermon.

Writing for dear life for payment which hardly made dear life possible it was not to be expected that we, the rank and file of the Agency employees, should approach our work with all that spirit of reverence that such work should receive. And to the Boss, of course, sermons had long become so much merchandise to be produced and disposed of under the most profitable conditions possible. Still the Agency's frame of mind was not reflected in its work, and I have often thought that for all its questionable character it was a real power for good.

In general the sermons, if not miracles of eloquence, were at least full of good, sound, honest spiritual advice. Better indeed that a tongue-tied preacher should soar more or less gloriously with our hurrowed—or rather hired—plumes, than flap ineffectively on his own lame wings. It is a pity that the stigma which attaches to a preacher who utilizes other people's eloquence should give such an Agency a more or less underhand character.

One stalwart, but distinctly uneloquent person, vicar of a crowded parish in the slums, made no bones of his indebtedness to us.

"You're a god-send to me," I once heard him say to the Boss, "and I've told my bishop so much. I'm a better worker than I am a talker and if it wasn't for you I'd waste at least two days a week trying to grind out something to say on Sunday. As it is, you give me a red-hot talk that suits my people down to the ground—and I've got two days extra to look after them in. . . . Oh, you're a real blessing."

The Apprentice at Number Three

By Mabel Burkholder

"LOOK now! a pose for an artist! You would think he had the cares of the company on his shoulders."

The junior member of the firm of Steele and Archer, Electrical Supply Company, left his desk at the invitation of his senior partner, and tip-toed to the glass door between the offices, to watch a boy of fourteen, or thereabout, who sat with imperturbable coolness among a score of factory foremen, book-keepers, and stenographers, engrossed in a huge book of figures.

"It is Oscar, your own boy?"

"Impudent youngster! He insisted—what could I do?"

"I wonder the book-keepers allow it," muttered Archer. "Will he not muddle the books?"

The boy's father rubbed his plump, white hands and smiled proudly.

"Man, how long have you been away? Allow it? They dote on him. He has become the idol of the shop. There is not a corner on the premises, either in the shop or office, where he hasn't pushed in and made himself acquainted with the workmen as well as with the work. When you consider it's just since school closed that he has taken it into his head to learn the business, I tell you it's wonderful. Really, Archer, it's a caution."

The younger man considered indulgently. "Yes! But—er—haven't he considerable of a pull?"

"Oh, perhaps, perhaps. Yet he does not appear to take advantage of it. He insists on working his way from the bottom rung of the ladder, as his old dad did. My, my, he's a boy any father would be proud of."

"Indeed, I congratulate you, sir," said Archer pleasantly, for while his more impartial judgment realized that the youth was not killing himself with hard work, he, too, was very fond of the frank, curly-headed lad, whose merry whistle resounding through the shop at all hours of the day, relieved the dull routine of the busi-

ness grind. Another Oscar Steel growing up—same name and all."

Steele twisted the heavy ring on his little finger.

"Yes, sir. That's what I planned from his babyhood. I've often said to his mother that the youngster shall not be spoiled by wealth, if he is the only son of a rich man. He shall go down to the factory and learn his trade like a common child. And he does it—he submits to the most menial tasks, even to working in overalls at the machines, with the gang of foreigners I hired for the purpose. Sometimes it cuts me all up to see him. He's a marvel, sir, a marvel. His mother says, too, that she never saw anything like him."

"Quite likely she hasn't," smiled Archer, familiar with the ways of mothers.

Having set the match to the explosives with which his father's heart was bursting the pompous old gentleman returned to silence and business. Here was Archer barely home from a three months' trip, with his hat scarcely hung on the peg, so to speak, already pestering him with plans for the remodeling of the old portion of the factory, the crowded sweat-shop, where Italians, Germans and Swedes jostled and perspired, and cursed their luck, from seven in the morning till six at night. He had been evading that improvement scheme of Archer's for years. Now it bobbed up unexpectedly again, and he flamed, and fumed, and puffed over it, like a traction-engine going up a hill. Evidently he found it a much harder task than dishing on the virtues of the marvellous boy, Oscar.

Someone from without pushed open the door of the private office.

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Show him in," responded the busy manager absently.

His manner changed abruptly at sight of the "gentleman." It was Giuseppe

Fabio, an Italian from the shop. At best the gaunt, stalwart foreigner had an uncanny look, with his hollow eyes rolling restlessly in their grimy sockets; but now an indignation exuding from every pore made him terrible, as he lurched into the private office, head and shoulders above the average man.

"Master, I tell you about—" The manager was not to be bull-dozed by an angry foreigner uttering execrations in his heathenish southern tongue. Those fellows were always wrangling. He would give him plenty of time to cool off. He lifted his hand imperiously.

"Sit down, my man. I'll tend to your case in a moment."

The moment extended over half an hour, during which time the magnate wrote at his desk in provoking composure, completely ignoring the working-man's presence.

Presently the boy, Oscar, sauntered in from the general office. He planted himself squarely between his father and the engrossing business.

"Well, son, tired of work?" inquired Steele indulgently, dropping his pen and leaning back in his chair.

"A little," responded Steele junior, yawning. "I think I'll go out for awhile."

"That's right. You look pale. Got a headache?"

"No. I think I'll go down to the dog-show with a couple of the fellows. So I guess, Dad, I'll have to trouble you for another five-spot."

"Get out, you young rascal! You got your pay only night before last."

Young Steele smiled wisely.

"Fifteen dollars! If you think there's any of that left—"

The magnate heaved a sigh and winked at Archer.

"I can't argue with Oscar. There, turn him over the contents of that drawer, Archer, and implore him to leave enough to save his old father from bankruptcy."

Young Oscar walked over and selected a handful of bills at his leisure, after which he took up his hat and sauntered off to the dog show, his day's work complete at half-past two—and no time docked.

The whole scene was as tender to the workingman's smoldering indignation.

"Zat's it! Some ting! I come see you do somethings for my leetle boy—my Rafael—ah?"

"Explain yourself," said the manager curtly.

"What seems to be the trouble, Fabio?" asked Archer with interest.

"Trouble? My boy, Rafael, haf bad place for to work. Machine no good—too old—too old—see? You know number three? Nearly catch his arm—accident almost."

"You don't say!"

"My boy work too hard all se time. Too much work—too leetle pay. Time off, like at work, how say. No pay, no pay!" see?"

"Ah, Fabio, what is he getting?" asked Steele, indulging in a heavy yawn, which caused his neck to be swallowed up in double chins.

"Four dollar. Very small, Meester."

"Oh, I don't know, Fabio," with another all-engulfing yawn. "Not a bad wage at all for a boy of—let me see—"

"Fifteen."

"I presume he is learning his trade."

"Been here many month—learn very leetle yet—just hard work—hard work—same to-day, same to-morrow—see?"

"Danger, too," the Italian cried, like one who knowing his cause lost, flings out all in his mind with no terror of consequences. "Big belts—heavy shaft—no railing—much danger where my leetle boy works. Oh, se devil, you not care—your boy safe?"

"Is it possible," ejaculated Archer, "that the old railing in the machine shop hasn't been attended to yet?"

"Funct, Archer!" drawled Steele, slapping his pin-cushion knee.

"Fact! I really must see to it. It does put the operator of number three in rather a dangerous position."

"Vell," said the Italian, getting up, "you do nothings. I take se boy out—ah?"

"Yes, Fabio, you might do that," responded the magnate indifferently; "then you would be sure that he had congenial surroundings. Good day."

"I only look on that travelling foreigner and his hat to please Oscar," Steele complained to his partner in an injured tone. "My boy has quite a notion for the black-eyed Rafael, likes to work beside him just to hear his funny talk, you know. The

brave of those fellows is stupendous. I've helped him, but he isn't grateful."

As the glass door between the offices banged back under the weight of the retreating Fabio, a man with a face white as chalk rushed in, passing him.

"Cootes, what has happened?" demanded Archer, hastening to meet him.

Archer's sympathetic nerves were much too strongly developed, Steele considered.

"An accident," was answered back.

"What? Where? Serious?"

"Serious enough! A boy caught in the shaft and badly crushed. Yes, same old danger spot. No chance, they say—he may be dead now. Gone to the hospital: Yes, to be sure, and our doctor gone over with him."

It was a bad accident! Steele rose to his feet a trifle pale. The company might be liable for carelessness.

"What was the lad's name, Cootes?"

"Can't say, sir. Only heard he worked at machine number three."

"Number three!" A piercing cry startled the air. "Rafael! Rafael! Ze boy work at number three!"

The bystanders never forgot the look on that father's face as he rushed out of the office. Such a maddening mixture of grief, incredulity, vengeance, is seldom printed on the human countenance.

"Santa Maria, I kill nat man, his murderer!"

Archer followed him out, half directing his swaying steps. Steele looked around for a coat and hat, and prepared to follow more at his leisure.

Just then the assistant doctor, Laidlaw, looked in at the outer door.

"Steele?" he inquired of a bookkeeper.

"Did he receive my message?"

"I think so. The accident you mean?"

"Will nothing hurry his movements?"

"He is coming."

"But his own child—and he waits for a hat!"

The magnate's face appeared at the door, pumped of every drop of its red blood.

"What?" he hissed. "What?"

"Then my message never reached you, sir." Laidlaw broke down with a pity that told the whole tale.

"Say it! I can bear anything better than this crazing suspense. Say it!"

"Sir, it was your boy who was hurt."

The magnate gripped his informant's shoulder and shook it as a feline does its prey.

"The boy is not around the building. You lie!"

"Would to God I did," chattered the unhappy assistant.

Steele's hand relaxed its iron hold as the truth came home. He seemed to see in a minute how it all had happened. The lad had used the dog show as a pretence to get down to the machine shop with Rafael. He knew his father objected to his going there of late, so he had disguised himself in his friend's smock and overalls. Reports of such escapades had reached the parental ear before. No longer could he bear up against the crushing truth. He reeled as if he had been struck.

"Take me—to him."

In a daze he allowed himself to be put into his automobile. In a state of muddled semi-consciousness he felt that the driver was hurrying him to the hospital. As through a fog he recognized Fabio, struggling to the same place on foot. He still believed the wounded boy was his. An immeasurable pity burst loose in the man's soul.

"An average of five accidents a month in the shop," sang the blood in his brain. "Sickening accidents—and each unfortunate has people at home—be they rich or poor—who cure—cure—as I am caring now! Think of it!"

The rich man and the poor man reached the hospital door together. There was no discrimination here between broadcloth coat and denim smock. Under each a human heart pounded and swelled with intolerable agony. Their fatherhood gripped them in a common sympathy.

"The boy? How is he now?" they both demanded of a white-capped nurse, who had just closed the surgery door and stepped out into the hall.

She shook her head vaguely. So many people came to her asking questions like that. How could she be expected to remember each individual case?

"The lad who was brought over from the Electrical Supply Works?" they insisted.

"I was not put on the case," the girl responded, wrinkling her brow in an effort to recollect some distinguishing feature. "All I saw was a young lad, of twelve or fourteen, in overalls, with beautiful, dark curls."

"He is mine!" exclaimed each father. She moved away and left the two standing outside the closed door. A half-hour—was it a half-hour? Or an hour? Or a day?—passed, and then a white-suited surgeon stepped out. He had changed his coat, but on the knees of his trousers were flecks of blood. He looked from one to the other dubiously.

The workman found no speech, and Oscar Steele had buried his face in his hands.

The doctor advanced a step.

"He is dead," he said.

Suddenly behind them, at the far end of the long, resounding hall, arose a gleeful, boyish shout.

"Come on, Raf! Here they are! Dad, the show was swell! Don't be mad because I stole Rafael away with me. He was wild to go."

No response, either of a forgiving or an angry nature, greeted the returning culprit. Steele stood as if his feet had taken root in the floor, until young Oscar pounced on him and threw a curly head down on his shoulder, begging him not to be "cross." Then slowly, unbelievably, his arms tightened around the boy.

"Gee, Dad, you're rough!" exclaimed Oscar reproachfully, as he wrenched away a wrist whereon his father's fingers had drawn the blood. "What makes you look so queer? I never knew you to be grouchy over a bit of fun."

"Who was left at number three?" demanded Steele hoarsely.

"Oh, the other fellow," responded the boy carelessly. "Mountstephen is his name, I think. A new hand in off the streets. No family or friends of any account. But he's a good sort. He said he didn't mind taking the place for the afternoon."

Into Steele's burning, bloodshot eyes came the blessed relief of tears.

"In off the street—no family or friends

of any account. Then there is no one to tell. Thank God!"

A few months later Oscar Steele was showing a traveler over the remodeled factory, just nearing its completion on the old site.

"Show me," he said proudly, "show me on this continent, a factory that can compare with ours in lighting, heating, sanitation."

"Steele, I cannot," admitted the man of travel. "I confess you have pushed the idea to the limit. Comfort for the employees! I didn't know you were a crank on that. Why, take this building you call Mountstephen Hall, fitted up with lunch rooms, reading tables, and every luxury under the sun that a man could think of for his own home! It is a model of comfort! Really, I don't quite catch your idea. Where do you expect to get compensation for the enormous outlay of hard cash?"

"In the loyalty and good-will of our working people."

"Loyalty of foreigners!" scoffed the traveler. "On that score it is worth while, Mr. Steele?"

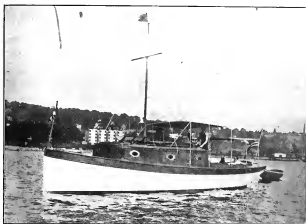
"I think so," said the manager quietly. The traveler took a last piercing, microscopical inspection of the hall.

"But all things must have a beginning. Tell me, where did you get the idea?"

Before Oscar Steele's mental vision rose the features and form of "the other fellow," the little homeless waif with "no family or friends of any account," who in his death had given back to their fathers two other precious, young lives. In his memory he carried a faceless picture of a pale and innocent face, framed in tumbling curls, and two stiff little hands meekly folded on a sheet. But how could he explain to the stranger that it was the father love in his heart, new and glorified, and extending to other fathers and their children, that was responsible for the new order of things?

"One of Archer's notions," he grunted, retreating into his shell.

And, unlooked for, Archer was not there to correct the impression.



A TYPICAL FAMILY CARRY-ALL

The New Family Carry-All

THE MODERN MOTOR BOAT PROVIDES RECREATION AT MODERATE EXPENSE AND MAKES THE WHOLE CONTINENT A VACATION GROUND

By S. M. Maxim

Canada affords ample scope and opportunity for the motor-boat enthusiast. Indeed, with the development of the craft and the growth of the popularity attaching to the sport, the vacation ground of the owner may well be said to be the whole wide continent. The latest innovation in motors is "The Family Carry-All," with which extended trips are possible. Some of the delightful cruises are outlined in this article.

WHERE there is five feet of water the motor boat may go. From Eastport, Me., to Pensacola; from Vancouver to San Diego, and on all the waters between the "chug" of the motor boat may be heard. The vacation ground of the owner of one of these little craft is the whole wide country, and it does not matter whether he is an office clerk or a hunker, for he is not dependent on hotels or railroads, and he

may live in as great luxury or as stern simplicity as he desires.

On any lake large enough for a motor boat to get up full speed you may see any number of these dashing, envying "family carryalls," for that is what the motor boat is above all else.

From New York, for instance, a party in a motor boat may nose their way to Hudson Bay, to the Lakes of the Canadian

Adirondacks or half way across the continent to the Mississippi to New Orleans, to say nothing of the endless smaller arms of the great river.

For speed the high power motor boats are hard to beat. Twenty-six knots is easily attainable, and the rush and sting of air and spray when traveling that fast through the water is quite as novel a sensation as streaking along a hard, dry road in an automobile at sixty miles an hour.

hobby is the motor boat, having congregated better to enjoy the sport. These little colonies are springing up rapidly near all the big summer resorts where there is water enough to navigate a motor boat. They are made up for the most part of "average business men," just the class to which the motor boat makes perhaps its strongest appeal. Every morning the motor boats "put-put" out of the coves where they are anchored and weave foamy



HUNTER'S CABIN CRUISER WITH 26-FT. RAISED DECK: ANOTHER TYPE OF FAMILY BOAT.

If you need a sense of danger as a sauce to your pleasure there is an element of it in a high power motor boat. Collision with a rock or a stony bank would shatter a boat cleaving the water at a speed of twenty-six knots, and the discomfort resulting from being thrown from it would satisfy the desires of the most sportsmanlike navigator.

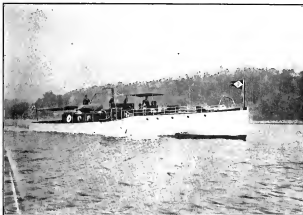
For those who have not the "wanderlust" there are innumerable "motor boat colonies" on the inland lakes, cottage communities where kindred spirits, whose

cobwebs across the surface of the water, scattering and mooring into the most out of the way nooks. When they have all returned the voyagers talk over their explorations and argue the relative merits of their craft.

The wealthy man who wishes to snatch a breath of fresh air on the way to business may have a racing boat and get a little bit of recreation on the way from his summer home to the railroad station across the lake or a few miles down the river.

The "family carryall" is a good name for the motor boat. The owner of one of these vehicles may go to his cottage home on Friday night, put on his old clothes, potter about the engine for a time while the family are stocking the cabin with provisions, and, when he has finally announced with pride that all is ready, wrap his arm about the steering wheel and glide away to where he will have new

The outfit for a long trip is not expensive. Plain, unbreakable dishes for the galley, plenty of warm blankets and a few cooking utensils are the principal items of the outfit. If you want to be more luxurious you may have an ice chest, a coal heater, alcohol stoves and even a portable bathtub. Many persons carry no stoves in their motor boats, preferring to cook over campfires on shore, the chance



HIGH SPEED DAY BOAT: SPEED IS VALUE IN HIGH POWER.

scenery, perfect quiet and total forgetfulness of business cares. It is just about the sense of leisure. The man who runs a motor boat usually smokes a pipe, and that means comfort. On Sunday evening the little boat will skim into the cove again and the family disembark. The youngest member may have to be carried off, but he can find just as much comfort and more healthful, cooler air on the motor boat than he could at home.

They are almost moving bungalows, these motor boats, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to see a husband of enthusiasts start off on a two-day trip with even the fox terrier on board.

of being able to find dry wood only leading us to the sport. In short, your life may be just about as luxurious or just about as primitive as you wish to make it on a motor boat.

Time is about the only factor which need limit the length of your cruise. Taking New York as a starting point, a motor boat might be taken up the Hudson River to Albany, which in itself is a trip of wonderful beauty. In succession there would be the varying scenery of the Palisades, the wide lake-like river at Tappan Zee, the Highlands, then long stretches of rolling country, with the towering Catskill in the distance. At Albany it is only

necessary to obtain a pass for use in any of the canals, and the way is open to the west, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, almost anywhere.

The Northern Canal, which is more like a river than a canal for scenery, may be followed to Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain. It is more than a hundred and fifty miles to the northern end of the lake, where a motor boat might follow the St. Johnsbury River into the St. Lawrence and thence go to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

SOME DELIGHTFUL CRUISES.

Another route from Albany would be through the Erie Canal and the Oswego Canal to Lake Ontario, where it is a safe and easy run around the eastern end of the lake, where a motor boat might follow the St. Lawrence River.

Still another trip after leaving Albany would be by way of the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes to the Illinois and Michigan canals, and thence to the Mississippi, and the way is clear to New Orleans.

A fair sized motor boat does not draw more than four feet of water, which would permit it to go from New York to the southern end of Florida all the way inside, except for a short stretch between Beaufort, N. C., and Georgetown, S. C.

For the sportsman the motor boat is almost ideal. In Great South Bay, Long Island, where ducks are shot from batteries, it is rapidly displacing the sailboat. The man who does his duck shooting in Great South Bay is the business man who goes for only two or three days of gunning at a time, and who is not able to leave his business long enough to go to one of the more inaccessible shooting grounds. To him time is a big factor, and every minute of his short vacation is precious. The sailboat is comfortable enough, but in case of calm a man might be held in the bay a day or two longer than he calculated, and his business suffer. Then, too, he may be unable to reach the point where he wishes to anchor his batteries and spend his only day of vacation in the cabin of the sailing boat or in a shack on shore waiting for proper winds. The motor boat overrules all this, and in the fall, when the law is off ducks, Great South Bay is dotted with chugging motor boats towing strings of batteries and carrying the men who are

always in a hurry to the points where they may relax for a few hours and not worry about getting back to business.

For the man who owns his own motor boat it is even of more use in hunting. Take, for instance, a fifty-foot boat of the cruising type. It would berth six persons and might pass with safety from New York to Florida. The sportsman with plenty of time could leave New York in his own craft, enjoy the shooting at Barnegat and in Chesapeake Bay, then cruise southward clear to Pamlico Sound, an Eldorado for redheads, canvas backs and wild geese. Then there are the turpin fishing along the Florida Keys and the sunny, health giving climate.

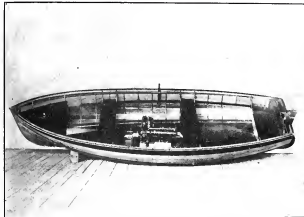
If the owner of a boat of the cruising class is a fisherman he may go in his own craft to the St. Lawrence or the Great Lakes or some of the larger lakes of Canada.

The comfortable, roomy cruising motor boats are of a different type from the snorting, quivering engines of speed which have become common in the smaller rivers and in the sounds. One of the craft fifty feet in length may have nothing more than a little cubbyhole of a cabin large enough to shelter two persons from flying spray, but it will satisfy the wildest votary of speed.

OPERATION EASY.

The racing craft have engines with as high as 300 horse power, and may cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000, but this is not the limit. A type of motor driven yacht with 300 horse power engines and electric heating and lighting plants is widely supplanting the steam yacht, because of its less bulky machinery, its extreme cleanliness and the resulting greater comfort. There is no limit to the cost of a yacht of this type.

But it is the knockabout boat, the "family carryall," which holds the widest, most potent appeal. A person with no technical knowledge of machinery may easily operate it. A woman or a child may steer, for it requires no strength. To operate a motor boat of ordinary tonnage it is not even necessary to obtain a navigator's license. The navigator is free to go wherever there is water enough to float his craft. As to danger, there is very little



A BOAT EQUIPPED WITH A GASOLINE ENGINE, CONVERTING IT INTO A MOTOR BOAT.

of it—another thing which makes the motor boat popular as a family institution. It requires skill to sail a boat of any considerable size, and there is always a degree of danger from variable and unsteady winds. But the motor boat does not depend upon wind, and the chunky, cruising type is capable of weathering almost any sea which would be encountered in inland waters, except, of course, on the Great Lakes.

Sunken logs and uncharted shoals may make trouble, but it is no more difficult to watch for them than to look for ruts in the road in an automobile. There is

just about enough chance for trouble to make things interesting.

Even a canoe is large enough to carry a small motor, and almost any creek or stream may be explored in one of these little craft. The weight of the quarter horse power engine, used in a canoe, does not make the boat crunky; in fact, it steadies it very much, and a canoe with a motor in it is comparatively stable.

Rowboats, dories, cutboats, sloops, schooners, all are suitable to be used as motor boats. If the wind deserts you in a sailboat, it is mighty handy to have a little engine in the hold so that you can skim along home and laugh at the fellow who is whistling for a breeze.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE FIVE: In which are related further thrilling experiences of Smoke in the Klondike

THE MAN ON THE OTHER BANK

By Jack London

IT was before Smoke Bellew staked the farical townsite of Tra-lee, made the historic corner of eggs that nearly broke Swifwater Bill's bank account, or won the dog-team race down the Yukon for an even million dollars, that he and Shorty parted company on the upper Klondike. Shorty's task was to return down the Klondike to Dawson to record some claims they had staked.

Smoke, with the dog-team, turned south. His quest was Surprise Lake and the mythical Two Cabins. His traverse was to cut the headwaters of the Indian River and cross the unknown region over the mountains to the Stewart River. Here, somewhere, rumor persisted, was Surprise Lake, surrounded by jagged mountains and glaciers, its bottom paved with raw gold. Old-timers, it was said, whose very names were forgotten in the frosts of earlier years, had dived in the ice-waters of Surprise Lake and fetched lump-gold to the surface in both hands. At different times parties of old-timers had penetrated the forbidding fastness and sampled the lake's golden bottom. But the water was too cold. Some died in the water, being pulled up dead. Others died of consumption. And one who had gone down never did come up. All survivors had planned to return and drain the lake, yet none had ever gone back. Disaster always happened. One man fell into an air-hole below Forty Mile; another was killed and eaten by his dogs; a third was crushed by a falling tree. And so the tale ran. Surprise Lake was a hoodoo; its location was unremembered, and the gold still paved its undrained bottom.

Two Cabins, no less mythical, was more definitely located. "Five sleeps" up the McQuestion River from the Stewart, stood two ancient cabins. So ancient were they

that they must have been built before ever the first known gold-hunter had entered the Yukon Basin. Wandering moose-hunters, whom even Smoke had met and talked with, claimed to have found the two cabins in the old days, but to have sought vainly for the mine which those early adventurers must have worked.

"I wish you was goin' with me," Shorty said wistfully, at parting. "Just because you got the Indian hag ain't no reason for to go pokin' into trouble. They's no gettin' away from it, that's loco country you're bound for. The hoodoo's sure on it, from the first flip to the last call, judgin' from all you an' me has heard tell about it."

"It's all right, Shorty. I'll make the round trip and be back in Dawson in six weeks. The Yukon trail is packed, and the first hundred miles or so of the Stewart ought to be packed. Old-timers from Henderson have told me a number of out-fits went up last fall after the freeze-up. When I strike their trail I ought to hit her up forty or fifty miles a day. I'm likely to be back inside a month, once I get across."

"Yep, once you get across. But it's the gettin' across that worries me. Well, so long, Smoke. Keep your eye open for that hoodoo, that's all. An' don't be ashamed to turn back if you don't kill any meat."

II.

A week later, Smoke found himself among the jumbled ranges south of Indian River. On the divide from the Klondike he had abandoned the sled and packed his wolf-dogs. The six big huskies each carried fifty pounds, and on his own back was an equal burden. Through the soft snow he led the way, packing it down

under his snow-shoes, and behind, in single file, toiled the dogs.

He loved the life, the deep arctic winter, the silent wilderness, the unending snow-surface unpressed by the foot of any man. About him towered icy peaks unnamed and uncharted. No hunter's camp-smoke, rising in the still air of the valleys, ever caught his eye. He, alone, moved through the bleeding quiet of the untraveled wastes; nor was he oppressed by the solitude. He loved it all, the day's toil, the hickering wolf-dogs, the making of the camp in the long twilight, the leaping stars overhead and the flaming pigment of the aurora borealis.

Especially he loved his camp at the end of day, and in it he saw a picture which he ever yearned to paint and which he knew he would never forget—a beaten place in the snow, where burned his fire; his bed a couple of rabbit-skin robes spread on fresh-chopped spruce-branches; his shelter a stretched strip of canvas that caught and threw back the heat of the fire; the blackened coffee-pot and pail resting on a length of log, the moccasins propped on sticks to dry, the snow-shoes up-ended in the snow; and across the fire the wolf-dogs snuggled to it for warmth, wistful and eager, furry and frost-rimmed, with bushy tails curled protectively over their feet; and all about, pressed backward but a space, the wall of encircling darkness.

At such times San Francisco, *The Bellew*, and O'Hara seemed very far away, lost in a remote past, shadows of dreams that had never happened. He found it hard to believe that he had known any other life than this of the wild, and harder still was it for him to reconcile himself to the fact that he had once dabbled and dived in the Bohemian drit of city life. Alone, with no one to talk to, he thought much, and deeply, and simply. He was appalled by the wastage of his city years, by the cheapness, now, of the philosophies of the schools and books, of the clever cynicism of the studio and editorial room, of the cant of the business men in their clubs. They knew neither food, nor sleep, nor health; nor could they ever possibly know the sting of real appetite, the goodly ache of fatigue, nor the red of mad, strong blood that lit like wine through all one's body at work was done.

And all the time this fine, wise, Spartan Northland had been here, and he had never known. What puzzled him was, that, with such intrinsic fitness, he had never heard the slightest rattling whisper, had not himself gone forth to seek. But this, too, he solved in time.

"Look here, Yellow-Face, I've got it clear!"

The dog addressed, lifted first one fore-foot and then the other with quick, apposing movements, curled his bush of a tail about them again, and laughed across the fire.

"Herbert Spencer was nearly forty before he caught the vision of his greatest efficiency and desire. I'm none so slow. I didn't have to wait till I was thirty to catch mine. Right here is my efficiency and desire. Almost, Yellow Face, do I wish I had been born a wolf-boy and been brother all my days to you and yours?"

For days he wandered through a chaos of canyons and divides which did not yield themselves to any rational topographical plan. It was as if they had been flung there by some cosmic joker. In vain he sought for a creek or feeder that flowed truly south toward the McQuestion and the Stewart. Then came a mountain storm that blew a blizzard across the rift-raft of high and shallow divides. Above timber-line, fireless, for two days, he struggled blindly to find lower levels. On the second day he came out upon the rim of an enormous palisade. So thickly drove the snow that he could not see the base of the wall, nor dared he attempt the descent. He rolled himself in his robes and huddled the dogs about him in the depths of a snow-drift, but did not permit himself to sleep.

In the morning, the storm spent, he crawled out to investigate. A quarter of a mile beneath him, beyond all mistake, lay a frozen, snow-covered lake. About it, on every side, rose jagged peaks. It answered the description. Blindly, he had found Surprise Lake.

"Well-named," he muttered, an hour later, as he came out upon its margin. A clump of aged spruce was the only wood. On his way to it, he stumbled upon three graves, snow-buried, but marked by hand-hewn head-posts and undisturbable walls. On the edge of the woods was a small ramshackle cabin. He pulled the latch

and entered. In a corner, on what had once been a bed of spruce-boughs, still wrapped in many furs that had rotted to fragments, lay a skeleton. The last visitor to Surprise Lake, was Smoke's conclusion, as he picked up a lump of gold as large as his doubled fist. Beside the lump was a pepper-corn filled with nuggets of the size of walnuts, rough-surfaced, showing no signs of wash.

So true had the tale run, that Smoke accepted without question that the source of the gold was the lake's bottom. Under many feet of ice and inaccessible, there was nothing to be done, and at midday, from the rim of the pallade, he took a farewell look back and down at his find.

"It's all right, Mr. Lake," he said. "You just keep right on staying there. I'm coming back to drain you . . . if that hoodoo doesn't catch me. I don't know how I got here, but I'll know by the way I go out."

III.

In a little valley, beside a frozen stream and under beneficent spruce trees, he built a fire four days later. Somewhere in that white anarchy he had left behind him was Surprise Lake—somewhere, he knew not where; for a hundred hours of driftage and struggle through blinding, driving snow had concealed his course from him, and he knew not in what direction lay behind. It was as if he had just emerged from a nightmare. He was not sure that four days or a week had passed. He had slept with the dogs, fought across a forgotten number of shallow divides, followed the windings of weird canyons that ended in pockets, and twice had managed to make a fire and thaw out frozen moose-meat. And here he was, well-fed and well-camped. The storm had passed, and it had turned clear and cold. The lay of the land had again become rational. The creek he was on was natural in appearance, and trended as it should toward the southwest. But Surprise Lake was as lost to him as it had been to all its seekers in the past.

Half a day's journey down the creek brought him to the valley of a larger stream which he decided was the McQuestion. Here he shot a moose, and once again each wolf-dog carried a full fifty-pound pack of meat. As he turned down

the McQuestion, he came upon a sled-trail. The late snows had drifted over, but underneath it was well-packed by travel. His conclusion was that two camps had been established on the McQuestion, and that this was the connecting trail. Evidently, two cabins had been found and it was the lower camp, so he headed down the stream.

It was forty below zero when he camped that night, and he fell asleep wondering who were the men who had rediscovered the Two Cabins and if he would fetch it next day. At the first hint of dawn he was under way, easily following the half-obliterated trail and packing the recent snow with his webbed shoes so that the dogs should not wallow.

And then it came, the unexpected, leaping out upon him on a bend of the river. It seemed to him that he heard and felt simultaneously. The crack of the rifle came from the right, and the bullet, tearing through and across the shoulders of his drill parka and woolen coat, pivoted him half around with the shock of its impact. He staggered on his twisted snow-shoes to recover balance, and heard a second crack of the rifle. This time it was a clean miss. He did not wait for more, but plunged across the snow for the sheltering trees of the bank, a hundred feet away. Again and again the rifle cracked, and he was unpleasantly aware of a trickle of warm moisture down his back.

He climbed the bank, the dogs floundering behind, and dodged in among the trees and brush. Slipping out of his snow-shoes, he wallowed forward at full length and peered cautiously out. Nothing was to be seen. Whoever had shot at him was lying quiet among the trees of the opposite bank.

"If something doesn't happen pretty soon," he muttered at the end of half an hour, "I'll have to sneak away and build a fire or freeze my feet. Yellow Face, what'd you do, lying in the frost with circulation getting slack and a man trying to play you?"

He crawled back a few yards, packed down the snow, danced a jig that sent the blood back into his feet, and managed to endure another half hour. Then, from down the river, he heard the unmistakable jingle of dog-bells. Peering out, he saw a sled round the bend. Only one man

was with it, straining at the geo-pole and urging the dogs along. The effort on Smoke was one of shock, for it was the first human he had seen since he parted from Shorty three weeks before. His next thought was of the potential murderer concealed on the opposite bank.

into the woods in the direction of the sound. The man on the river had been struck by the first shot. The shock of the high velocity bullet staggered him. He stumbled awkwardly to the sled, half-falling, and pulled a rifle out from under the loadings. As he strove to raise it to



PEERING OUT, HE SAW A SLED ROUND THE BEND.

Without exposing himself, Smoke whistled warningly. The man did not bear, and came on rapidly. Again, and more sharply, Smoke whistled. The man who'd his dogs stopped, and had turned and faced Smoke when the rifle cracked. The instant afterward, Smoke fired

his shoulder, he crumpled at the waist and sank down slowly to a sitting posture on the sled. Then, shrilly, as the gun went off aimlessly, he pitched backward and across a corner of the sled-load, so that Smoke could see only his legs and stomach.

From below came more jingling bells. The man did not move. Around the bend swung three sleds, accompanied by half a dozen men. Smoke cried warningly, but they had seen the condition of the first sled, and they dashed on to it. No shots came from the other bank, and Smoke, calling his dogs to follow, emerged into the open. There were exclamations from the men, and two of them, flinging off the mittens of their right hands, leveled their rifles at him.

"Come on, you red-handed murderer, you," one of them, a black-bearded man, commanded, "An' jest pitch that gun of yours in the snow."

Smoke hesitated, then dropped his rifle and came up to them.

"Go through him, Louis, an' take his weapons," the black-bearded man ordered.

Louis, a French-Canadian voyageur, Smoke decided, as were four of the others, obeyed. His search revealed only Smoke's hunting knife, which was appropriated.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself, Stranger, before I shoot you dead!" the black-bearded man demanded.

"That you're making a mistake if you think I killed that man," Smoke answered.

A cry came from one of the voyageurs. He had questioned along the trail and found Smoke's tracks where he had left it to take refuge on the bank. The man explained the nature of his find.

"What'd you kill Joe Kinade for?" he of the black beard asked.

"I tell you I didn't," Smoke began.

"Aw, what's the good of talkin'. We got you red-handed. Right up there's where you left the trail when you heard him comin'. You laid among the trees an' bushwhacked him. A short shot. You couldn't-a-missed. Pierre, go an' get that gun he dropped."

"You might let me tell what happened," Smoke objected.

"You shut up," the man snarled at him. "I reckon your gun'll tell the story."

All the men examined Smoke's rifle, ejecting and counting the cartridges, and examining the barrel at muzzle and breech.

"One shot," Blackbeard concluded. Pierre, with nostrils that quivered and distended like a deer's, sniffed at the breech.

"Him one fresh shot," he said. "The bullet entered his back," Smoke said. "He was facing me when he was shot. You see, it came from the other bank."

Blackbeard considered this proposition for a short second, and shook his head.

"Nope. It won't do. Turn him around to face the other bank—that's how you whopped him in the back. Some of you boys run up an' down the trail and see if you can see any tracks making for the other bank."

Their report was that on that side the snow was unbroken. Not even a snow-shoe rabbit had crossed it. Blackbeard, bending over the dead man, straightened up with a woolly, furry wad in his hand. Shredding this, he found imbedded in the centre the bullet which had perforated the body. Its nose was spread to the size of a half-dollar, its butt-end, steel-jacketed, was undamaged. He compared it with a cartridge from Smoke's belt.

"That's plain enough evidence, Stranger, to satisfy a blind man. It's soft-nosed an' steel-jacketed; yours is soft-nosed and steel-jacketed. It's thirty-thirty; yours is thirty-thirty. It's manufactured by the J. & T. Arms Company; yours is manufactured by the J. & T. Arms Company. Now you come along an' we'll go over to the bank an' see just how you do it."

"I was bushwhacked myself," Smoke said. "Look at the hole in my parkie."

While Blackbeard examined it, one of the voyageurs threw open the breech of the dead man's gun. It was patent to all that it had been fired once. The empty cartridge was still in the chamber.

"A damn shame poor Joe didn't get you," Blackbeard said bitterly. "But he did pretty well with a hole like that in him. Come on, you"

"Search the other bank first," Smoke urged.

"You shut up an' come on, an' let the facts do the talkin'."

They left the trail at the same spot he had, and followed it on up the bank and in among the trees.

"Him dance that place keep him feet warm," Louis pointed out. "That place him crawl on belly. That place him put one elbow w'en him shoot—"

"And by God there's the empty cartridge he done it with!" was Blackbeard's

discovery. "Boys, there's only one thing to do—"

"You might ask me how I came to fire that shot," Smoke interrupted.

"An' I might knock your teeth into your gullet if you butt in again. You can answer them questions later on. Now, boys, we're decent an' low-abeidin', an' we got to handle this right an' regular. How far do you reckon we've come, Pierre?"

"Twenty mile I tink for sure."

"All right. We'll cache the outfit an' run him an' poor Joe back to Two Cabins. I reckon we've seen an' can testify to what'll stretch his neck."

IV.

It was three hours after dark when the dead man, Smoke, and his captors arrived at Two Cabins. By the starlight Smoke could make out a dozen or more recently built cabins snugling about a larger and older cabin on a flat by the river bank. Thrust inside this older cabin, he found it tenanted by a young giant of a man, his wife, and an old blind man. The woman, whom her husband called "Loey," was herself a strapping creature of the frontier type. The old man, as Smoke learned afterward, had been a trapper on the Stewart for years, and had gone finally blind the winter before. The camp of Two Cabins, he was also to learn, had been made the previous fall by a dozen men who arrived in half as many poling-boats loaded with provisions. Here they had found the blind trapper, on the site of Two Cabins, and about his cabin they had built their own. Later arrivals, musing up the ice with dog-teams, had tripled the population. There was plenty of meat in camp, and good low-pay dirt had been discovered and was being worked.

In five minutes, all the men of Two Cabins were jammed into the room. Smoke, shoved off into a corner, ignored and scowled at, his hands and feet tied with thongs of mosshide, looked on. Thirty-eight men he counted, a wild and bushy crew, all frontiersmen of the States or voyageurs from upper Canada. His captors told the tale over and over, each the centre of an excited and wrathful group. There were mutterings of "lynch him now—why wait?" And once, a big Irishman was restrained only by force

from rushing upon the helpless prisoner and giving him a beating.

It was while counting the men that Smoke caught sight of a familiar face. It was Breck, the man whose boat Smoke had run through the rapids. He wondered why the other did not come and speak to him, but himself gave no sign of recognition. Later, when with shuddered face Breck passed him a wink, Smoke understood.

Blackbeard, whom Smoke heard called Eli Harding, ended the discussion as to whether or not the prisoner should be immediately lynched.

"Hold on!" Harding roared. "Keep your shirts on. That man belongs to me. I caught him an' brought him here. D'ye think I brought him all the way here to be lynched? Not on your life. I could-a done that myself when I found him. I brought him here for a fair an' impartial trial, an' by God, a fair an' impartial trial he's gone to get. He's tied up safe an' sound. Chuck him in a bunk till morning, an' we'll hold the trial right here."

V.

Smoke woke up. A draught that possessed all the rigidity of an icicle was boring into the front of his shoulder as he lay on his side facing the wall. When he had been tied into the bunk there had been no such draught, and now the outside air, driving into the heated atmosphere of the cabin with the pressure of fifty below zero, was sufficient advertisement that someone from without had pulled away the moss-covering between the logs. He squirmed as far as his bonds would permit, then craned his neck forward until his lips just managed to reach the crack.

"Who is it?" he whispered. "Breck!" came the answer. "Be careful you don't make a noise. I'm going to pass a knife into you."

"No good," Smoke said. "I couldn't use it. My hands are tied behind me and made fast to the leg of the bunk. Besides, you couldn't get a knife through that crack. But something must be done. These fellows are of a temper to hang me, and of course you know I didn't kill that man."

"It wasn't necessary to mention it, Smoke. And if you did you had your

reasons. Which isn't the point at all. I want to get you out of this. It's a tough bunch of men here. You've seen them. They're shut off from the world, and they make and enforce their own law—by miner's meeting, you know. They banded two men already—both grub-thieves. One they hiked from camp without an ounce of grub and no matches. He made about forty miles and lasted a couple of days before he froze stiff. Two weeks ago they hiked the second man. They gave him his choice: no grub, or ten lashes for each day's ration. He stood for forty lashes before he fainted. And now they've got you, and every last one is convinced you killed Kinade."

"The man who killed Kinade, shot at me, too. His bullet broke the skin on my shoulder. Get them to delay the trial till some one goes up and searches the bank where the murderer hid."

"No use. They take the evidence of Harding and the five Frenchmen with him. Besides, they haven't had a hanging yet, and they're keen for it. You see, things have been pretty monotonous. They haven't located anything big, and they get tired of hunting for Surprise Lake. They did some stampeding the first part of the winter, but they've got over that now. Scurvy is beginning to show up amongst them, too, and they're just ripe for excitement."

"And it looks like I'll furnish it," was Smoke's comment. "Say, Breck, how did you ever fall in with such a God-forsaken bunch?"

"After I got the claims at Squaw Creek opened up and some men to working, I came up here by way of the Stewart, hunting for Two Cabins. They'd beaten me to it, so I've been higher up the Stewart. Just got back yesterday out of grub."

"Find anything?"

"Nothing much. But I think I've got a hydraulic proposition that I'll work big when the country's opened up. It's that, or a gold-dredger."

"Hold on," Smoke interrupted. "Wait a minute. Let me think."

He was very much aware of the snoring of the sleepers as he pursued the idea that had flashed into his mind.

"Say, Breck, have they opened up the meat-packs my dogs carried?"

"A Maple. I was watching. They put them in Harding's cache."

"Did they find anything?"

"Meat."

"Good. You've got to get into the brown-canvas pack that's patched with mosshide. You'll find a few pounds of lumpy gold. You've never seen gold like it in the country, nor has anybody else. Here's what you've got to do. Listen."

A quarter of an hour later, fully instructed and complaining that his toes were freezing, Breck went away. Smoke, his own nose and one cheek frosted by proximity to the chink, rubbed them against the blankets for half an hour before the blaze and bite of the returning blood assured him of the safety of his flesh.

VI.

"My mind's made up right now. There ain't no doubt but what he killed Kinade. We heard the whole thing last night. What's the good of going over it again? I vote guilty."

In such fashion, Smoke's trial began. The speaker, a loose-jointed, hard-rock man from Colorado, manifested irritation and disgust when Harding set his suggestion aside, demanded the proceedings should be regular, and nominated one, Shunk Wilson, for judge and chairman of the meeting. The population of Two Cabins constituted the jury, though, after some discussion, the woman, Lucy, was denied the right to vote on Smoke's guilt or innocence.

While this was going on, Smoke, jammed into a corner on a bunk, overheard a whispered conversation between Breck and a miner.

"You haven't fifty pounds of flour you'll sell?" Breck queried.

"You ain't got the dust to pay the price I'm askin'" was the reply.

"I'll give you two hundred."

The man shook his head.

"Three hundred. Three-fifty."

At four hundred, the man nodded, and said:

"Come on over to my cabin an' weigh out the dust."

The two squeezed their way to the door, and slipped out. After a few minutes Breck returned alone.

Harding was testifying, when Smoke saw the door shoved open slightly, and in the crack appear the face of the man who had sold the flour. He was grimacing and beckoning emphatically to one inside, who arose from near the stove and started to work toward the door.

"Where are you goin', Sam?" Shunk Wilson demanded.

"I'll be back in a jiffy," Sam explained. "I jes' got to go."

Smoke was permitted to question the witnesses, and he was in the middle of the cross-examination of Harding, when from without came the whining of dogs in harness and the grind and churn of sled-runners. Somebody near the door peeped out.

"It's Sam an' his pardner an' a dog-team hell-bent down the trail for Stewart River," the man reported.

Nobody spoke for a long half-minute, but men glanced significantly at one another and a general restlessness pervaded the packed room. Out of the corner of his eye, Smoke caught a glimpse of Breck, Lucy, and her husband whispering together.

"Come on, you," Shunk Wilson said gruffly to Smoke. "Cut this questionin' short. We know what you're tryin' to prove—that the other bank wa'n't searched. The witness admits it. We admit it. It wa'n't necessary. No tracks led to that bank. The snow wa'n't broke."

"There was a man on the other bank just the same," Smoke insisted.

"That's too thin for skatin', young man. There ain't many of us on the McQuestion, an' we got every man accounted for."

"Who was the man you hiked out of camp two weeks ago?" Smoke asked.

"Alonso Miramant. He was a Mexican. What's that grub-thief got to do with it?"

"Nothing, except that you haven't accounted for him. Mr. Judge."

"He went down river, not up."

"How do you know where he went?"

"Saw him start."

"And that's all you know of what became of him?"

"No, it ain't, young man. I know, we all know, he had four days' grub an' no gun to shoot meat with. If he didn't make the settlement on the Yukon he'd croaked long before this."

"I suppose you've got all the guns in this part of the country accounted for, too," Smoke observed pointedly.

Shunk Wilson was angry.

"You'd think I was the prisoner the way you slum the questions into me. Come on with the next witness. Where's French Louis?"

While French Louis was shoving forward, Lucy opened the door.

"Where you goin'?" Shunk Wilson shouted.

"I reckon I don't have to stay," she answered defiantly. "I ain't got no vote, an' besides my cabin's so jammed up I can't breathe."

In a few minutes her husband followed. The closing of the door was the first warning the judge received of it.

"Who was that?" he interrupted Pierre's narrative to ask.

"Bill Peabody," somebody spoke up.

"Said he wanted to ask his wife something and was coming right back."

Instead of Bill, it was Lucy who re-entered, took off her fur, and resumed her place by the stove.

"I reckon we don't need to hear the rest of the witnesses," was Shunk Wilson's decision, when Pierre had finished. "We know they only can testify to the same facts we've already heard. Say, Soransen, you go an' bring Bill Peabody back. We'll be voting a verdict pretty short. Now, Stranger, you can get up an' say your say concernin' what happened. In the meantime we'll just be savin' delay by passin' around the two rifles, the ammunition, an' the bullet that done the killin'."

Midway in his story of how he had arrived in that part of the country, and at the point in his narrative where he described his own ambush and how he had fled to the bank, Smoke was interrupted by the indignant Shunk Wilson.

"Young man, what sense is there in you testifyin' that way? You're just takin' up valuable time. Of course you got the right to lie to save your neck, but we ain't goin' to stand for such foolishness. The rifle, the ammunition, the bullet that killed Joe Kinade is against you—What's that? Open the door, somebody!"

The frost rushed in, taking form and substance in the heat of the room, while through the open door came the whining

of dogs that decreased rapidly with distance.

"It's Sorensen an' Peabody," some one cried, "a-shrovin, the whip into the daws an' an' headin' down river!"

"Now what the hell?" Shunk Wilson paused, with dropped jaw, and glared at Lucy. "I reckon you can explain, Mrs. Peabody."

She tossed her head and compressed her lips, and Shunk Wilson's wrathful and suspicious gaze passed on and rested on Breck.

"An' I reckon that new-comer you've ben chinnin' with could explain if he had a mind to."

Breck, now very uncomfortable, found all eyes centered on him.

"Sam was chewing the rag with him, too, before he hit out," some one said.

"Look here, Mr. Breck," Shunk Wilson continued. "You've ben interrumpin' proceedings, and you got to explain the meanin' of it. What was you chinnin' about?"

Breck cleared his throat timidly and replied.

"I was just trying to buy some grub."

"What with?"

"Dust, of course."

"Where'd you get it?"

Breck did not answer.

"He's ben snoopin' around up the Stewart, a man volunteered. 'I run across his camp a week ago when I was huntin'. An' I want to tell you he was almighty secretious about it.'"

"The dust didn't come from there," Breck said. "That's only a low-grade hydraulic proposition."

"Bring you poke here an' let's see your dust," Wilson commanded.

"I tell you it didn't come from there."

"Let's see it just the same."

Breck made as if to refuse, but all about him were menacing faces. Reluctantly, he fumbled in his coat pocket. In the act of drawing forth a pepper can, it rattled against what was evidently a hard object.

"Fetch it all out!" Shunk Wilson thundered.

And out came the big nugget, fist-size, yellow as no gold any onlooker had ever seen. Shunk Wilson gasped. Half a dozen, catching one glimpse, made a break for the door. They reached it at the same moment, and, with cursing and

scuffling, jammed and pivoted through. The judge emptied the contents of the pepper can on the table, and the sight of the rough lump-gold sent half a dozen more toward the door.

"Where are you goin'?" Eli Harding asked, as Shunk started to follow.

"For my dogs, of course."

"Ain't you goin' to hang 'em?"

"It'd take too much time right now. He'll keep till we get back, so I reckon this court is adjourned. This ain't no place for lingerin'."

Harding bestated. He glanced savagely at Smoke, saw Pierre beckoning to Louis from the doorway, took one last look at the lump-gold on the table, and decided.

"No use you tryin' to get away," he flung back over his shoulder. "Besides, I'm goin' to borrow your dogs."

"What is it?—another one of them blamed stampedes?" the old blind trapper asked in a queer and petulant falsetto, as the cries of men and dogs and the grind of the sleds swept the silence of the room.

"It sure is," Lucy answered. "An' I never seen gold like it. Feel that, old man."

She put the big nugget in his hand. He was but slightly interested.

"It was a good fur-country," he complained, "before them danged miners come in an' scared back the game."

The door opened, and Breck entered.

"Well," he said we four are all that are left in camp. It's forty miles to the Stewart by the cut-off I broke, and the fastest of them can't make the round trip in less than five or six days. Bet it's time you pulled, out Smoke, just the same."

Breck drew his hunting knife across the other's hands, and glanced at the woman.

"I hope you don't object?" he said, with significant politeness.

"If there's goin' to be any shootin'," the blind man broke out, "I wish somebody'd take me to another cabin first."

"Go on, an' don't mind me," Lucy answered. "If I ain't good enough to hang a man, I ain't good enough to hold him."

Smoke stood up, rubbing his wrists where the thongs had impeded the circulation.

"I've got a pack all ready for you," Breck said. "Ten days' grub, blankets, matches, tobacco, an' axe, and a rifle."

"Go to it," Lucy encouraged. "Hit the high places, Stranger. Beat it as fast as God'll let you."

"If you'll listen to me, you'll head down for the Stewart and the Yukon," Breck objected. "When this gang gets back from my low-grade, hydraulic proposition, it will be seeding red."

Smoke laughed and shook his head.



"HELLO! SPIKE, HELLO! MATHODY," SHE GREETED THE FROST-BITTED MEN.

"I'm going to have a square meal before I start," Smoke said. "And when I start it will be up the McQuestion, not down. I want you to go along with me, Breck. We're going to search that other bank for the man that really did the killing."

"I can't jump this country, Breck. I've got interests here. I've got to stay and make good. I don't care whether you believe me or not, but I've found Surprise Lake. That's where that gold came from. Besides, they took my dogs, and I've got to wait to get them back. Also, I know

what I'm about. There was a man hidden on that bank. He came pretty close to emptying his magazine at me."

Half an hour afterward, with a big plate of moose-steak before him and a big mug of coffee at his lips, Smoke half-startled up from his seat. He had heard the sounds first. Lucy threw open the door.

"Hello, Spike; hello, Methody," she greeted the two frust-trimmed men who were heading over the burden on their sled.

"We just come down from Upper Camp," one said, as the pair staggered into the room with a fur-wrapped object which they handled with exceeding gentleness. "An' this is what we found by the way. He's all in, I guess."

"Put him in the near bunk there," Lucy said.

She bent over and pulled back the furs, disclosing a face composed principally of

large, staring, black eyes and of skin, dark and scabbed by repeated frost-bite, tightly stretched across the bones.

"If it ain't Alonzo!," she cried. "You pore, starved devil!"

"That's the man on the other bank," Smoke said in an undertone to Brock.

"We found it raidin' a cache that Hardin' must a-made," one of the men was explaining. "He was eatin' raw flour an' frozen bacon, an' when we got 'im he was cryin' an' squallin' like a hawg. Look at him! He's all starved, an' most of him frozen. He'll kick at any moment."

* * * * *

Half an hour later, when the furs had been drawn over the face of the still form in the bunk, Smoke turned to Lucy.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Peabody, I'll have another whack at that steak. Make it thick and not so well done."

[In the June issue of MacLean's Magazine, the Sixth Tale in the Smoke Hollow Series, "The Race for Number One," will appear.]

The Daffodil

To-day I crossed the grass until
I met a yellow daffodil,
Who took such tink steps and slow,
I wondered if I saw her go:
She seemed so treble in the grass:
I stood quite still to let her pass,
And whispered soft as kelpies do,
'It's corners make you dizzy too!'
I couldn't hear one word she said:
She held her arms above her head,
And it was shiny gold, but all
The rest of her was green and tall.
I waited—*Awes*—until I thought
The little way that she had got
Was making her feel shy maybe,
—And not to be as big as me:
I kissed her then and left her there
Turning the corner with great care:
I could not hear one word she said
But hoped that she was comforted.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING, in *The Craftsman*.

McBride's Winning Ways

POWER OF PERSONALITY IS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE SUCCESSFUL CAREER OF THE PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By Harris L. Adams

THE private door leading into the office of the Provincial Secretary opened softly and almost before we were aware of it, a tall man had stepped into the room. He was a striking figure. A hale of whitening hair surmounted a pale, round face, from which a pair of kindly eyes looked somewhat languidly about. Clean-shaven lips accentuated a firm and serious mouth. The shoulders had a slight stoop. The appearance was that of a man of calm and dignified bearing, radiating a soothing influence like that of some great-hearted and capable physician.



Hon. Richard McBride.

When he spoke his accents still further emphasized the curious resemblance to a medical practitioner. In soft even tones he broke into our conversation, wielding an assured authority that could occasion no resentment. With the doctor's savvy and precision, he issued a few terse orders, to which the Provincial Secretary replied in brief. Then, turning, he was about to leave the room, when my companion stopped him. Next moment my suspicions were confirmed and I found myself shaking hands with the Honourable Richard McBride, First Minister of British Columbia.

The all-conquering premier of the western province is the most genial of men. Cordiality rushes from lip, eye and hand like water from perennial springs. He is right up and over the barrier that keeps most men apart long before you can lower the topmost bars. His tone is intimate, but not familiar. It is as if he said in a whisper: "Look here, my dear fellow, let's put formality aside right off; you know who I am and I know who you are, so what's the use of standing on ceremony?"

In a long and pleasant interview with the Honorable Richard and the following morning, when, having successfully passed the green baize door, I found myself in his roomy private office, the impressions of the previous day were confirmed. Can you picture bluff Sir James of Toronto, or the Honorable Robert of Winnipeg, the Honorable George of Halifax, or the Honorable Arthur of Edmonton, reclining at ease in a swivel chair and actually gossiping for half an hour with a wandering journalist whom he had never set eyes on before in his life? It is inconceivable. Yet this is the manner of the Premier of British Columbia. His friendliness is contagious. He imparts a sense of comradeship in life's battle which is most heartening. When you leave him, your sensations might very well be those of a cat, which he had picked up affectionately and stroked gently until it purred with delight.

If, as some of his detractors would have it, the premier's manner is studied, it must be admitted that he is a supreme artist in deception. No one could possibly adopt a more successful pose as a whole-souled cordial individual than he, and surely it were a shame to think so poorly of his sincerity as to accuse him of being double-faced. His whole career points to a different conclusion. The boy is father of the man, the Premier McBride's boyhood, uninfluenced of a surety by political ambitions, is proof enough that he is a natural-born prince of good fellows.

It is undoubtedly the case that there is a remarkable resemblance between Mr. McBride and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, not only in personal appearance but in manner.

Looking at the former through half-closed eyes it is an easy matter to transform him into the latter. The face is a little fuller in the one case, but the figure is much the same. It may be true, as some would have us believe, that the premier of British Columbia, being aware of the similarity, has sought to accentuate it by studying the bearing and manner of the ex-premier of the Dominion. Granted that this is the case, there can surely be nothing reprehensible in this mild form of imitation.

In a province where the majority of the inhabitants have drifted in from other parts of the world, it is somewhat of a rarity to find a native-born citizen. This circumstance renders it all the more fitting that the prime minister should be able to claim the distinction of having been born within the province. His birth-place was the city of New Westminster, where his father held the post of warden of the provincial penitentiary for many years. The date of his birth was December 15, 1870.

As a boy young McBride was characterized by an exuberance of spirits that constantly led him into scrapes. If any mischief was on foot, be sure Dick was the ringleader. He early showed his aptitude for leadership by directing his school-boy chums in all their sports and escapades. Elderly folk in New Westminster, who recall the days when the premier was a youngster, cherish memories of him surrounded by a crowd of mischievous urchins, to whom he laid down the law with as much authority as he does to-day to his followers in the Legislature. He was then the prime minister of the spacious and somewhat lawless realm of boydom and apparently his rule was equally satisfactory to his subjects of that day as it is to the people of British Columbia now.

When he had graduated from the local schools, young McBride took it into his head that he would like to join a couple of his friends who were going east to study law at Dalhousie University at Halifax. One of these friends is to-day Judge Howey of New Westminster; the other, Mr. R. L. Reid. Arrangements were completed and the trio made the long transcontinental journey from the banks of the Fraser to the shores of the North Atlantic. At Dalhousie, the future premier, who had

by this time become more imbued with the seriousness of life, applied himself zealously to the study of law and in 1890 at the early age of nineteen received the bachelor's degree.

Returning to New Westminster, he entered the law firm of Corbould & McCall, where he gained a few years' practical experience. Then with W. J. Whiteside, another young lawyer in the same office, he went into business for himself and a sign bearing the name McBride & Whiteside, suddenly appeared on the main street in all the glory of fresh paint. However, the partnership lasted only a short time; Mr. Whiteside withdrew and the senior partner was left alone in his glory.

Mr. McBride was regarded as ordinarily a good lawyer, with perhaps a special fondness for handling criminal cases. At any rate during the few years that he was in active practice he conducted quite a number of these cases with marked ability. Since he went into politics he has never gone back to the practice of his profession.

The politically eventful year, 1896, now approached. Dissension in the Conservative party at Ottawa led to a dissolution and a general election was in order. The Liberals of New Westminster selected Mr. Aubrey Morrison as their candidate. The Conservatives nominated a Mr. Atkinson. Young McBride jumped into the fight with all his heart and soul, taking the stump for the Conservative candidate. The contest gave every promise of being a most exciting one, when almost at the last moment, Atkinson grew nervous and withdrew. A hurry-up meeting of the Conservative leaders was held to see what could be done. It seemed as if no one could be found to match up the Conservative standard and lead the party into the fight. Finally McBride's name was suggested. Would he lead the forlorn hope? It did not take him long to decide. It was a chance he did not care to lose and so a few days later he was formally nominated to contest the riding against Mr. Morrison. That he did not win was due not so much to his immaturity as to the great national forces which fought against his party.

The taste of political life thus afforded him, gave him a craving for more excitement of the same sort. A provincial election followed the Dominion election after

an interval of two years. The fact that he sought political preferment and was withal a popular and clever young man worked in his favor and the electors of Dewdney gave such support to his candidature that he was returned for that riding by a large majority.

At the time, political conditions in British Columbia were in an unsatisfactory state. There was no division on party lines in the House. The premier for the time-being held office on the sufferance of a number of members who might bolt at any moment and who had to be kept in line by a number of questionable expedients. While party government might have its evils, non-party government was a degree worse. The changes incident to such a system were frequent and harmful.

When the young member for Dewdney entered the House, two other gentlemen of some note also made their initial appearance. These were the Hon. Joseph Martin, recently arrived from Winnipeg, and the Hon. James Dunsmair. The irrepressible "Joe" Martin soon after became premier of the province. During his short term of office he honestly tried to break up the objectionable system, but opposition was too strong for him and he had to resign. In June, 1900, the Lieutenant-Governor called on Mr. Dunsmair to form an administration. In the cabinet then formed Richard McBride was included as Minister of Mines and in due course he was endorsed by the electors of Dewdney.

But the days of rapid-fire changes in British Columbia politics were not yet over. All went well for a year, but strong opposition developing, the premier was led to temporize. He sought to secure the favor of Joseph Martin by inviting J. C. Brown, who had been finance minister in the previous administration, to join his cabinet as provincial secretary. This was more than McBride could swallow and on September 3, 1901, he resigned his portfolio. From then, until June 1, 1903, he led the opposition in the House.

Premier Dunsmair resigned in November, 1902, and was succeeded by Colonel Prior. Colonel Prior held out until the following June when he, too, was forced to give in. On withdrawing, he suggested to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, that Richard McBride was

the right man to call upon to form a government. Sir Henri, a strong Liberal, hesitated to place the power in the hands of an avowed Conservative like McBride, but the latter's winning personality had influenced the old gentleman in his favor and he finally sent for him.

The new premier's first act was to dissolve the legislature and appeal to the country. And what was more, he announced that he would stand or fall as a Conservative and not as a man of no party at all. The issue was a straight party one and the contest that followed was fought on party lines for the first time in the history of provincial politics. Mr. McBride, himself, again stood for Dewdney. The election was a close one and after the smoke had blown away it was found that the premier had won the day by a narrow margin.

At subsequent elections held in 1907 and 1909, Mr. McBride increased his support, until in the House which just dissolved his opposition had dwindled to one Liberal and two Socialists. His remarkable hold on the popularity of the people of the province was again attested in the election of March 28, when he swept the country and obliterated every Liberal candidate.

When Richard McBride first essayed public speaking he evinced a nervousness and timidity that bode fair to spoil his career. He was little more than a big, bawling boy, long and lanky, and painfully aware that all eyes were upon him. It was an ordeal for him to mount a platform. However, much practice soon gave him the necessary assurance and he presently became quite glib. The story is still told of how he once talked the House into submission. It was one of those occasions when only a very determined and a very able man could win out. He was leading the opposition at the time and the object to be gained was to prevent the government from putting through some obnoxious measure. He took the floor and spoke continuously for eighteen hours. Then, when he saw the ministers beginning to show signs of craving in, he remarked, with a touch of that Irish wit which he inherited from his parents, "Now, Mr. Speaker, with these few preliminary remarks, I shall enter upon the main por-

tion of my speech." This was enough to clinch the matter and the young orator presently sat down in triumph.

The premier now controls the House very much as he used to control the "gang" over at New Westminster. He is still very much of the big boy, even in looks, and his manner is certainly boyishly frank. While he would scarcely be so indiscreet as to bump the heads of two members together, he can administer verbal thrashings, which are quite as potent. Sarcasm, which in boyhood days can have such a sting, is a weapon that he still uses to good effect. Once when he was speaking and had made a certain statement of fact, a new member rose up angrily and shouted, "Tis not so." The premier looked around benignly at the interrupter for a second or two and then, turning to the chair, remarked in those calm, precise tones of his, "Mr. Speaker, the honorable member has made his maiden speech in this House. I congratulate him on the terseness and force of his remarks." It was cleverly done and only Richard McBride could have handled a situation so astutely.

It is only of recent years that the dignity which surrounds the office has begun to influence the people of the province in their attitude towards the man. Time was when everybody called him Dick. To-day he is usually called Mr. McBride to his face and Dick McBride behind his back. In his old home town, of course, it is quite impossible to obliterate the pet name and, when he visits the hamlets of his youth, he receives it right and left. His exalted position makes no difference. To illustrate this, a year or so ago he went out for a motor ride with two or three friends, and the roads being in poor shape, the chauffeur ran the car along cautiously. The speed did not suit the premier, who is a good sport, and he kept urging the driver to go faster. Finally the worried chauffeur blurted out, "Hang it all, Dick, how can you expect a man to go any faster on this road." Such familiarity sounds strange to those who do not know the man

but the incident merely illustrates how close and personal is the tie which binds him to the people.

It has been remarked that Richard McBride is a good sport. Though he has never played any games himself, he is an enthusiastic admirer of lacrosse and is, indeed, one of the trustees of the Minto Cup. A game of lacrosse at New Westminster will bring him over from the capital when nothing else on earth would move him. He is very fond of fishing and invariably spends a couple of weeks each summer with two or three boon companions at Pitt Lake, where he enjoys his favorite sport to his heart's content. As a canoeist he is an expert and can ride any kind of water. In fact, he might well be called Daredevil Dick so fearless is he on the water. Five years ago he and three friends had been in camp for two weeks at Stave Lake and were returning homewards across the Lake in a couple of canoes. The premier was in a small fourteen foot craft. The weather was very threatening and it would have been the part of prudence to turn back and wait another day. But always ready to take chances, he determined to proceed. In the voyage across he and his companion were swamped three times and the last time the pair remained in the water two hours before they were picked up. Invariably cool and collected, the premier is particularly distinguished in times of danger. When most men would be absorbed in their efforts to escape the peril, he is usually to be found talking light-heartedly of anything else in the world.

It may be, as some would have us believe, that in mental calibre, Premier McBride falls below certain members of his cabinet. This is debatable. Even were it the case, he possesses something that very few public men can boast and that is the ability of making men his friends. In this, he resembles Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. However much he may lack in other respects, this single trait enables him to conquer where men of the greatest ability would often fail.

Under Fire

By Archie P. McKishnie

OF Dayton, his associates has this to say, that never once had his nimble fingers made a mistake in handling money. That was because they did not know Dayton as Dayton knew himself. Those nimble fingers of the teller had made one mistake, one big mistake; Dayton knew it and one other person knew it. Others were bound to know it.

He sighed as he brushed the stack of bills into the drawer. It was his breathing-spell between the tides. The noon whistles had blown; the whole office was drowsy and still. Dayton glanced about him. He was alone in the bank. Even Humpty, the lame old ledger-keeper, had slipped out to lunch. His eyes roamed about his steel cage, finally resting on the brown automatic revolver lying close on his right hand. He reached over and drew it towards him, then pushed it away with a shudder.

The teller drew a crumpled letter from his pocket and spread it out before him on the counter. He had read the letter once before that morning. There are times when a man should make sure:—

"When your letter came I took it out in the old barber where we two spent so many happy moments. I kissed it before I read it; then I followed its lines and something died in me. I had always thought you brave and honest. Your confession brands you a thief and a coward. You stole two thousand dollars. You gambled it away in a game of which you knew nothing. Those who won the money from you are men compared with you. They at least possess sufficient courage to rob openly. If you thought I would consider your lachrymose confession manly, you were wrong. I can't see it that way. Of course all is over between us. I enclose check for the amount of your shortage. I know it will be acceptable to you because it will save you from jail. The only

stipulation I make is that you go away where I shall never see your face again.

Annie Walter."

Dayton read the letter through with drawn face. He deliberately detached the check from it and enclosed the same in a plain envelope which he sealed, addressed and stamped, and dropped into a letter box. A faint blush had wiped the dead greyness from his face. He leaned wearily against the cage and once again his eyes roamed to the revolver. After all there was only the one way out, a cowardly way, to be sure.

He lifted his head quickly as a step sounded in the hall. It passed, and again Dayton reached for the revolver. Then a voice spoke in a crisp, cold tone of command:

"Throw out those hank notes."

Dayton lifted his head slowly and the red mist rolled away from his brain. A man with a black mask across his eyes was looking in at him, and in the brown lean face below the mask the teller marked coolness and determination.

"Throw out the money and be quick," demanded the man; "no foolin' son. I've got you covered."

It flashed upon Dayton that here stood his deliverer. No one except himself knew the amount of cash on hand. Nobody need ever know:—

He sprang upright and with trembling hand opened the cash drawer.

But SILENCE! He would take the other way out. It too, was a deliverance. He slammed the door shut again and stood erect with a laugh.

"To h— with you," he said, and reached for the automatic.

What happened then is not very distinct to Dayton. He remembered facing the red-yellow spurts of flame, his left arm falling limp by his side, then of standing alone in a fog of blue smoke with a salty taste in his mouth and a smoking revolver

in his hand. He saw people rush into the building and some of them bent above a huddled form near the door. He remembered unlocking his cage door to go out and see what was the matter—then came forgetfulness.

When Dayton opened his eyes again he was lying between cool sheets. Through an open window came the breath of white

breeze, alive with the scent of lilacs, beating his face—memory came back to him.

After all, he had not accepted deliverance. He felt a soft cool hand on his forehead, and Dayton opened his eyes.

"Annie," he whispered, wonderingly, "you?"

He noticed that her face was pale and that her lips trembled.



HE FELT A SOFT, COOL HAND ON HIS FOREHEAD AND DAYTON OPENED HIS EYES.

lilacs. The flowers made him think of an old arbor and a girl, and these brought other vague thoughts. He wanted to turn his face to the wall but the attempt made him groan with pain. His left arm was bound and bandaged tightly in splints. He wondered where he was; how he came to be there; and then, with the sunset

"I was close at hand when it happened, Jack," she spoke. "I was coming to you to ask your forgiveness for writing that horrid letter. I made them bring you here."

"Here?" His tired eyes opened wide—

"Here?" he repeated; "here to my home?"

He turned his face toward the breeze

and the twilight and the breath of lilacs. The tears were forcing themselves from between his eyelids. He did not want her to know—

She walked around the bed and knelt beside him.

"I'm not worth it, Annie," he managed to say.

"No, no," she cried quickly—"Jack, you are a hero. Everybody is talking about how you effected the capture of the notorious Durkin."

"Durkin?" he said, "was it Durkin?"

"Yes, and you have won the reward of \$2,000 offered for his capture, Jack," she cried hysterically. "Here, shall I read you the account?—the paper is full of it."

"Then I didn't kill him?"

"No, no, he is badly wounded, but will recover—Jack—"

"Yes, Annie."

"Will you forgive me dear—forgive me for calling you that? I am very sorry—I am—"

Her brown head sank low and nestled against his breast.

"Why should you," he whispered, "why should you ask forgiveness of me?—No, it is I—"

"You are shivering," she exclaimed, fearfully.

"I am thinking, I am thinking what will happen when—when they count the cash to-night."

The Best is Yet to Be

For all men, small as well as great, even for those who have succeeded, and conquered apparently all honors, it is true that the best is yet to be, for Heroic Paul, earth's most intrepid and earth's sublimest spirit, standing forth in old age, with a thousand victories behind him, knew that he had not yet attained. No matter what your success, I appeal from the seed to the coming sheaf, from the acorn to the evening oak, from this little spring to the future river, from your ignorance to wisdom, from your fragmentary tool or law or custom to perfect virtue, from the broken arc to the full circle, from the white cloud to the stars that are above the clouds. Because life is in a series of ascending climaxes, and because it waxes ever richer and richer, for every man, whether young or old, it is better farther on, and the best is yet to be. Heaven lies yonder.—*Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

After a time she spoke:

"I just came from the bank, Jack. Mr. Winters, the manager, asked me to tell you that he would be over to see you to-night. He gave me some good news for you. You are to be made manager of the H— branch of the bank."

Dayton laughed oddly. "He will change his mind," he said quickly.

"I left the money you put in your pocket—when—when Durkin grabbed for it. Jack," said the girl impetuously,—"the twenty hundred-dollar bills—you remember? I thought you would want them—Mr. Winters to know—"

"The money?" said Dayton, dazedly—"there was no money in my pocket—Durkin did not—"

He ceased speaking, and with a strong arm raised the girl's eyes on a level with his own.

"You mean?" he queried.

She nodded grimly, and then she threw her arms about his neck and with a happy little laugh pressed his hot face against her deliciously cool one.

"I'm only loaning it, Jack," she whispered. "When you get the reward you—you can pay—"

She whispered the rest of the sentence very softly—

"US back."

The Man With a Purpose

THE WORLD INSTINCTIVELY MAKES WAY FOR THE RESOURCEFUL MAN WITH AN UNSWERVING AIM IN LIFE

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

What a splendid insurance against all sorts of evil resides in a mighty purpose, in a magnificent life aim! How our sense of a great, splendid divinity keeps us from wallowing in the mire of sensuality, or plodding on in commonness and mediocrity when we are capable of ascending the heights where superiority dwells. How a great purpose keeps us from being satisfied with the low, the ordinary, the inferior, with a cheap success!"

THERE is a big difference between being rooted to a vocation and being loosely attached to it. There must be no wavering, floundering or wobbling in a successful career. One must make his choice and stick to his aim, sacrificing everything which conflicts with his master purpose.

What would you think of a young man starting out for himself with a small cash capital who should split it all up, investing small amounts in all sorts of enterprises, instead of concentrating it in the business which he knows most about? You would think it would be fatal. Yet, you may do more foolish things by splitting up your energies, putting a little into this and a little into that, never going far enough in any one thing to become an expert.

A great many people fritter away their lives on little things. There is no great purpose running through their careers. Many of us would find in the analysis of our abilities and faculties that although we have worked very hard, we have failed because we never learned to concentrate our minds. We have scattered our forces on a great many things. If we had expended the same amount of vitality and brain power upon one line, we might have achieved distinction and fortune. Thousands in the great failure army have done enough work to have accomplished something worth while had they concentrated their efforts. In talking with men who

have been business failures, I have been struck by the great number of things they attempted. They worked a little while at one vocation, then at something else, always doing drudgery, the hard work, going through the preliminaries, the difficult things in an occupation, but never far enough for the returns which come from completeness, expertise, and skill. Thus, what they did was drudgery instead of a delight. This dipping into many things superficially is a most demoralizing business; for no occupation will yield anything worth while to the beginner. It is only after he has mastered it and become an expert that he reaps the harvest.

A man's attitude towards his work is a good gauge of his character. If one is so intimately and vigorously attached to his life work that it is impossible to separate him from it, it is a pretty good indication of a strong character.

The man with a clean-cut purpose avoids entangling alliances, unfortunate business associations and all sorts of temptations. He keeps away from negative characters as much as possible because they divert his aim. The man with a purpose is constructive, creative. There is nothing of the negative about him.

The cultivation of a purpose is a tremendous strengthening of the initiative, is a wonderful aid to achievement.

People who allow their ambitions to de-

teriorate find their life purpose disintegrating.

There are plenty of people with good ability who fail in life, simply because they never learn to concentrate their power. They scatter their efforts. They do not seem able to focus upon any one thing. Yet one talent vigorously focused will accomplish more than ten talents scattered, just as a thumbful of powder, confined in a cartridge behind the ball, will perform more execution than a carload of loose gun-powder hurled in the open.

A very bright young man once said to me that he believed the idea of learning a trade, or learning a business from the bottom up, the spending of years mastering a business, was entirely unnecessary. He thinks that if a young man has anything in him, he can win success in a tithe of the time most people take, and without all the years of drudgery and anxiety which the average successful man puts in the process. I have watched this young man's career for years with great interest, because I have been anxious to see how his philosophy would work out. He has been six or seven years floundering about in his effort to get established, but he has not yet found his "short-cut to success," nor is he much nearer his goal than when he started.

He made a few lucky hits at the outset, which came largely from his over-confidence and self-assurance in plunging, and which would come to almost anyone in whom many falls and mistakes and losses have not developed a great deal of caution. These few lucky hits gave him the "swelled head" to such a degree that it is very doubtful whether he will ever be willing to buckle down to the hard work and drudgery necessary to success in all legitimate lines of endeavor. He has developed the gambling instinct, and I should not be surprised to see him one day with a lot of money, and the next day with none. His career will never have that dignified, steady onward sweep and stolidity which would have been possible to a young man with his ability willing to pay the legitimate price for success in downright hard work, in gradual persistent promotion which comes from the constant betterment of one's best.

The man with a purpose does not spend a lot of his time and waste his precious energies upon side lines until he has conquered the main line.

He is not always looking for short cuts to success, does not resort to all sorts of chance methods and wildcat schemes for getting on.

The man with a purpose keeps his eye on his goal. He does not veer to the right or to the left, although paradise tempt him. His one unwavering aim gives him great energy of concentration.

There is no lasting success in anything without an all absorbing purpose.

I know a young man with splendid ability, fine training, and a superb personality, who in his early life did not seem to have any purpose. His mind was like a stagnant swamp. He finally discovered that he was standing still, was getting stale, and he began to develop an aim. This created a current through his stagnant mental swamp. Everything began to clear up. Doubt and uncertainty, a tendency to waver and wobble disappeared. Just as soon as the water felt itself moving, doing something, it began to sparkle and became as clear as crystal. Finally, there was a strong current of one unwavering aim developed, and this once purposeless youth became a vigorous, powerful man.

A great purpose gives a new meaning, an added power to all the faculties. The aim is the leader of all the mental forces. Without it everything becomes meaningless, but when purpose leads, confidence increases, and all the faculties are strengthened and buttressed for effective life work.

Look over the assets of the average man who fails to get on in life and the chances are that you will find all sorts of worthless mining stocks, oil stocks, and other wildcat ventures. These were the "short-cut methods" by which he had expected to reap a fortune.

Compare these assets with those of the level-headed man, a man who investigates carefully and does not jump into every new scheme that comes along, and in the comparison of these assets you will find the gauge of the man. The difference in the character of these assets will give you

the difference in the measure and calibre of the man.

Whatever you do he all there. Bring the whole of yourself to your task. This will be a wonderful help and a stimulus to you throughout your life. The habit of abandoning yourself with your whole soul to whatever you turn your hand to is an admirable training in concentration.

There is only one way to do great things; that is, to bring the entire man to a focus upon the thing he chooses to do. It is only great concentration of all one's powers upon one thing that wins. Splitting up the ability upon a half dozen things is fatal to all effectiveness.

I have noticed a great many youths in their climb towards success; and what has hindered them most has come from forgetting the great life purpose. If this is strong enough it will drive out a score of conflicting aims and the side issues which upset the man with a weak purpose.

In reading the history of men and women who have done great things, you will find that whatever they did outside of their great life aim was subordinate to it. They were dominated by a powerful purpose, and they never allowed themselves to forget their one great overmastering aim. They kept their minds clear from the rubbish of half-decided questions, of half-finished tasks. They set their wills firmly against all sorts of inducements which would tempt them away from their aim, distract their attention, weaken their energy of decision, their

power to focus their faculties with vigor and force.

"Genius is intensity." Many men who have done great things have not been geniuses, but they had the power of concentration, the ability to focus all the strength they had upon one thing, and to hold the mind steadily, firmly, persistently from wandering until they had achieved their aim.

In this age of great competition, the only hope the young man has of accomplishing anything worth while is by a oneness of aim, a concentration of energy, or centralization by powerful focusing of his energies on one thing. You cannot afford to waste force.

What would you think of a great army commander, who on the eve of a decisive battle, should allow his men to waste their ammunition in shooting small game, or in firing at targets?

The faculties deteriorate when working without a definite aim. The intellect is built upon a unity plan, like the great bridges which span over mighty rivers. The separate wires and bolts and bars and stringers do not mean anything by themselves, but they mean a great deal when combined in one great purpose.

There is anarchy among the faculties until they have a leader which will give them direction and aim; but it is astonishing how everything in a man will rush to his assistance the moment there is something definite for which to work.

Makers of Our Own Destiny

Every man is hour by hour fashioning his own character, in every unsuspected moment he is constructing his final destiny. Life is built up and fashioned from within, every single movement of mind and heart and spirit aids the great consummation. And what life shall be, either in splendor or shame, lies in the tireless hands of the uncompromising fashioners of destiny—Thought, Love, and Choice.—Rev. G. B. Asatian.



AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS SUCH AS THIS FREQUENTLY RESULT FROM A RECKLESS CARELESSNESS ON THE PART OF SPEEDERS. MACHINES ARE OFTEN DAMAGED BEYOND REPAIR AND SOMETIMES LIVES ARE SACRIFICED.

The Penalty of Speeding

AUTOMOBILES ARE NOT THE DEADLY MACHINES SOMETIMES PICTURED UNLESS OPERATED BY RECKLESS DRIVERS

By James P. Moir

While a great many of the automobile accidents which are reported weekly in Canada are due primarily to carelessness on the part of the general public, not a few of these are attributable to recklessness on the part of drivers. The question insofar as pedestrians are concerned has already been dealt with in these columns; in this article the case of the drivers is considered. It is well illustrated in the story telling why one enthusiast, after a brief, but memorable experience, disposed of his automobile at a sacrifice.

THAT automobiles are by no means the deadly machines they have sometimes been pictured is established by the recent report of the Massachusetts Highway Commission, which regulates the street and road traffic, and investigates all accidents in that State.

For instance, are automobiles as dangerous to human life as street cars? The figures compiled by the commission constitute a powerful defence for the motor car. They show that the automobile, on the average, travels over 2,400,000 miles before causing a fatal accident, whereas there is a fatality for every 800,000 miles travelled by trolley cars. As far as all classes of accidents are concerned, fatal or not fatal, there is one for every 12,000 miles covered by trolleys, and only one to every

290,000 miles traveled by automobiles. In this comparison, the motor car comes out 24 times better than the street car!

And it isn't as if things were getting worse all the time. In the last two years the number of automobiles had increased by 80 per cent., and yet the accidents had increased by only 10 per cent. The ratio is constantly growing more and more in favor of the motor.

THE GREATEST EVIL.

Taken in general, therefore, Massachusetts, by its report, proves that automobiles are not as destructive as many people suppose. The main trouble seems to be that overly little while, in Canada as elsewhere, there is almost an epidemic of unfortunate automobile accidents, which leads to a

belief that the machines are instruments of destruction. Such a conclusion, however, is severely warranted, for if the accidents of an extended period were considered it would be found that on the whole the figures are not alarming. Unfortunately there is no way of giving definite figures for Canadian provinces or cities in this connection, because there are no bureaus which collect such statistics.

The figures of bureaus in the States, however, indicate that the greatest cause of automobile accidents, fatal and otherwise, is reckless operation, and the same conditions no doubt apply to Canada. In the Massachusetts report, to which reference has been made, the causes of suspensions and revocations of drivers' licenses were: Reckless operation, 50; operating while under influence of intoxicating liquor, 22; accidents resulting in death, 57; improper operation, 88; refusing or neglecting to stop after accident, 9; three over-speeding convictions, 8; operating automobile without owner's permission, 23; other offences, 26; total, 283.

Undoubtedly recklessness and carelessness in operation constitute the gravest peril which attends automobilism, and threatens its popularity to-day.

SOME EXAMPLES OF RECKLESSNESS.

A writer in *Country Life* recently gave a couple of notable examples of reckless automobilism, in the course of which he cited the following advertisement:

FOR SALE.—On account of road-hogs, Buick touring car, 1910; \$900; bargain; top, coverslip. Presto-like, windshield, speedometer; no dickering or change of figures.

Behind this newspaper advertisement, which is given exactly as it was printed, is the story of one man who wanted to enjoy the pleasures of automobilism, but was forced to give it up because of what he termed "road-hogs." He is not a timorous man, but he valued his life, and the lives of others who might ride with him, too highly to take the risk in the pursuit of pleasure, especially when the danger arose from the recklessness of others. His experience was, doubtless, the same as that of many others who dare not venture out on the highways while drivers of this

kind are allowed to race about unrestrained.

The writer then proceeds to detail the incident in the following strain:

"Mr. X, as we shall call him, had longed to own an automobile for some time, but he withstood the arguments of many an agent because of the numerous accidents that had come to his notice. At length he yielded and bought an automobile, which he learned to operate skillfully.

When he had acquired confidence in his ability as a driver he ventured out upon a much traveled road, a part of the highway between New York and Boston. On the first day all went well, and he returned home feeling that he had exaggerated the dangers he imagined were lurking about in the form of reckless drivers. So he tried it again the next day, but it was not long before he had his first experience. As he was traveling along at a sane rate he heard behind him the roar of an approaching motor driven at full speed. He drew over to the right as far as possible to give plenty of room, and like a flash the other car passed him. Even though he was as far over as he could get, the other driver cut in ahead of him so closely that it was necessary for Mr. X to put on his brake to avoid colliding with the passing car. The speeder did not so much as glance back to see what might have happened to the other car.

That was the beginning of many similar experiences and others with speeders who come head on. The latter sort drive in the middle of the highway to which they cling most tenaciously, evidently counting on their terrific speed to frighten all other drivers into ditches and bushes along the roadside. It was an encounter of this kind that made Mr. X give up automobilism and insert the advertisement quoted above.

This happened one evening just after dark. As he approached a curve in the road he could hear an automobile coming toward him at high speed, but he could not see it on account of the turn ahead. With his usual caution he slowed down and waited for the other car to pass. It was fortunate that he took this precaution, otherwise a serious accident would have followed, for this "road-hog" was driving

on Mr. X's side of the road. He was able to check his speed considerably by applying the emergency brake, but when the two cars stopped, the radiators were pressing against each other.

There was no excuse for this fellow's presence on the wrong side of the road, and his reckless driving can be explained only by attributing his action to the stupidity we are accustomed to associate with his four-footed prototype.

That experience settled Mr. X so far as automobilism is concerned, and he thanked his lucky stars that he got off so easily. He disposed of his car in a few days.

His was by no means an isolated experience, for I have talked with others who feel as Mr. X does. They appreciate fully the almost limitless possibilities for wholesale enjoyment with the automobile, but are afraid to ride on a much traveled highway as long as such a menace to life and limb exists. With the present-day perfection in motor building and luxury of equipment the automobile is appealing to would-be purchasers more than ever; yet the "road-hog" is keeping a larger number of persons from buying than agents or manufacturers ever imagine.

A CRUSADE IS NECESSARY.

While accidents, due to reckless driving, are less numerous than one would expect, such experiences on the highway are sufficiently disquieting to sane drivers to mar greatly the pleasure of automobilism. Whenever there is an accident from this cause it usually happens that the offender gets off with less damage than his victim. There is an occasional exception, however,

as these pictures show, which ought to impress the most reckless driver. In this accident the driver was killed, two of his friends seriously injured, and the automobile wrecked beyond repair. The car driven by his victim lost only its two front wheels.

In this accident the reckless driver was a man who had a bad reputation all through the section in which he lived. He was never known to yield an inch; always driving at top speed in the middle of the road. On the day of the accident he was driving as usual when he approached the other car. The road was straight and both men could see each other plainly. The victim in this case pulled over to the right as far as the highway fence would permit, but the other driver never swerved. The road was none too wide for such big cars, and care should have been exercised. The speeder's front wheel struck the front wheel of the other automobile, whirling it around so that it hit his car in the side with such force as to cause it to leave the road and plunge into a tree by the highway. The picture of the wrecked car by the tree gives an idea of how fast it was going.

An active crusade against this evil, if conscientiously undertaken by automobile clubs and manufacturers, would bring about good results. It could be made effective by revoking the offending driver's license forever, so that he could not secure another anywhere. With so many irresponsible young men learning to drive cars and the liberal interpretations by some courts as to what constitutes a "reasonable rate of speed" the evil is bound to increase rather than diminish.

The Nation's Wealth

The wealth of any country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women. The strength and power of a country depend on the quantity of good men and women in it.—*Ruskin.*

The Wall of Ice

By William Hugo Pabke

"DON'T you think, my dear, that it would be as well if we moved into a larger house, now that we're—well—in comfortable circumstances?" Mr. Warriner glanced across the breakfast-table at his wife as he put the question.

"As you please," she answered in her unresponsive manner, evincing not the slightest interest in the suggestion.

John Warriner had grown up with Carletonville. The success of the man was identified with that of the rapidly-growing Ontario town. So quietly, yet so surely, had he built; so unostentatiously had been his life in the cottage on the town's chief residential street, that his neighbors never thought of him as a rich man. And yet, rich he was. He had first realized the fact two years ago, when old Abner Groat had offered him a fortune for a one-third partnership in his business.

In his quiet, repressed way, John had, ever since then, been pondering how best to devote his wealth to the augmenting of his wife's happiness. The fact that the most pretentious house in the town adjoined his property, and had stood vacant for some months, suggested a solution of the problem to the matter-of-fact merchant.

Finally, when he had definitely made up his mind to purchase it, he had tentatively suggested a change of residence to his wife. Her apparent indifference had not deterred him a particle. In fact, he would have been surprised had she shown any interest in the proposal. That very day he interviewed the agent for the property, and before night, the transfer was made.

"I have bought the Hayden place," he announced calmly that evening as he was finishing his supper.

"It's a beautiful house," admitted Mrs. Warriner. Then, after a pause: "Are we to live there?"

"I thought it would please you, Lucia," explained her husband.

The next few weeks were, on the whole, rather happy ones for Warriner. It was the first time in his life that he had spent money freely, and the very novelty of it held charm. He would have been entirely happy had his wife once shown, by either word or manner, her appreciation of his efforts to give her pleasure. However, he had become accustomed to her coldness—almost—and he never—consciously—expected recognition of any of his kindnesses.

One day, several months after they had moved into their new house, when the novelty had, in part, worn off, John came suddenly upon Lucia as she gazed out of the window toward the cottage with a wistful expression so intense that it was akin to pain.

"Aren't you happy here, Lucia?" he asked.

She turned toward him, revealing the glint of tears in her eyes. "I was happy in the old house," she replied simply.

She turned her gaze toward the window again, and the next moment, covering her face with both hands and sobbing bitterly, she hurried from the room.

It was the first time in their life together that John had ever seen her cry. His slow mind grappled with the problem; his love sought the solution of the mystery.

When next he saw her, she was her calm, collected self again; but he was not deceived.

"You need a change," he told her.

As usual, she passively acquiesced, and allowed John to send her off to her aunt's in Montreal for a long visit. As he parted from her on the train, he fancied that she let go his hand rather reluctantly. She seemed on the point of saying something more than a cool good-bye; but after a moment's pause, she made a remark regarding some household matter in a non-committal tone, and John felt as though he were dismissed.

Left to himself, he bent his mind seriously to the problem of his life. He felt that a crisis had come; that he must militate against the subtle, intangible enemy that was robbing Lucia of happiness. In all things John was practical, matter-of-fact, work-a-day, except in his relations with his wife. He idolized her mutely, uncomprehendingly, with utter lack of the power of expression.

She had married him when she was seventeen at her dying father's command—so she had interpreted his request—and, at the time, she frankly did not love him. John never dared to believe that her love had since awakened. It was enough for him to live out his life at her side, dumbly adoring, striving ever for her happiness. This was what suddenly hurt him—the realization of the failure of his efforts. For himself it did not matter, but Lucia was not happy, and he had promised her and himself that she should be.

During long, lonely weeks he recalled the expression of wistfulness on her face as she had gazed toward the cottage. Suddenly, out of his love flashed an inspiration. It was like a spark of genius that transforms a child of the people into a benefactor of mankind, or an ordinary piece of work into a thing of imperishable beauty.

John spent the next two days in refurbishing the old house. From the store-rooms of the splendid Hayden place he brought forth all their old household goods. With his own hands he hung each picture, laid each rug, placed each chair in its exact position. Only inspiration could have guided him in the arrangement of the sitting-room. He set Lucia's work-basket on a low stool beside her chair; the book that she was reading on their last evening in the cottage lay open on the center-table.

Finally, when the cottage was in readiness, when every least detail was exactly as it had been during the first period of their married life, came a letter from Lucia announcing an approaching event, so wonderful, so unbelievable, that John recoiled with the joy of it. In few words, calmly, as usual, Lucia let him know that she was coming home to experience the crowning joy of womanhood. A child was to be born to her.

John could not have told afterward how he lived through the days before Lucia's arrival. Plans and projects flitted through his brain; visions of happiness rose before him; tentative longings for Lucia's approval of his preparations teased him.

On the evening of her arrival, John drove to the station a full hour before train time. Unmindful of the crowd on the platforms, he walked up and down, anticipating the joy of welcoming his wife to their old home. As the train pulled in, he held himself in check, and, as he collected her baggage and helped her into the carriage, he was, if anything, more cool than Lucia herself.

During the drive home she spoke of little except trivial family happenings. As they turned their corner, John first broached the subject of the cottage.

"I have moved back to the old house, dear," he said, a hint of longing in his voice. "Do you mind?"

"Not in the least," replied Lucia in even tones.

Entering the cottage, Lucia went straight to the sitting-room without removing her wrap. She sat down in her favorite chair. From beneath half-closed lids she cast a quick glance round the room. Her color heightened and she opened her lips to speak; but, after a visible effort, she turned her head and remained silent.

John walked restlessly to and fro, the dull pain of disappointment in his heart. He longed to ask for a word, for a look, but his customary dumbness held him in its chains.

Presently Lucia arose and divested herself of her hat and cloak in her precise manner.

"It's good to be home," she sighed.

John waited expectantly.

"If you don't mind, I shall go right to bed; I'm very tired," she added.

* * * * *

There came a night when John paced up and down on the ground floor of the cottage, while Dr. Brownlow was in attendance upstairs. Hope, dread, wonder, acute sympathy racked him and swayed him in turn. He lived over his life with Lucia and his heart was filled with bitterness against himself that he had

failed her. Their life together had been a failure—of that he was now convinced. It must have been his fault. He wondered if the newcomer would usurp all her affection. Then, he thrust the thought from him as unworthy.

Suddenly, down the stairs floated the sound of a new voice, wavering, unreal, filling the house with a strange new presence.

The doctor entered the sitting-room presently, smiling broadly. "Here, John," he said, holding out a sealed envelope. "Lucia wanted me to give you this. She says she wrote it on the night that you brought her home. All's going well," he added as he disappeared again.

With bated breath John opened the letter. He glanced at the first word, and recoiled with the shock of surprise. He brought his eyes back to the page, and read:

Beloved:—

You will wonder when you read this—you will not recognize me nor yourself. It is unlike me to write in this manner. And yet you have always been "Beloved" to me—no, not always—but for a long, long time. You have known it, haven't you? Even if I wasn't demonstrative?

It wasn't so at first, and I was always truthful. I didn't tell you I loved you when it was not so. Perhaps that is why the habit of not telling remained even after it was true. I shirked it for a while. Afterward, it didn't seem necessary. I was so sure of your love and I thought you were sure of mine.

But were you, dear? Oh, were you? If I thought that you had ever doubted I could never forgive myself—and there is so little time left. But I can't believe that you doubted. The wall grew ever higher and higher—the wall of dumbness, the seeming wall of ice—but did it matter?

What melted it was the completeness of your understanding—the delicacy of your preceptions that prompted you to give me back the cottage.

Nothing wins a woman more surely, dear, than the knowledge that she is understood—than the experience of having her longings anticipated. And I needed no winning; I was yours, anyway.

I wish we might have more time together. Life is very sweet. It is very hard—no—I won't complain.

Dear one, good-by.

As John finished reading his wife's message, he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. A feeling of rebellion, of grief unbearable curled over him at the realization that his heart's desire had come too late. "The cruelty of it! The cruelty of it!" he moaned.

He was blinded by the vision of the sweetness of life as it might be with Lucia, a responsive Lucia by his side.

He flung himself from his chair and started for the stairs. In the hall he met the doctor who still wore his insufferable smile.

"Doctor?" gasped John. "Doctor, Lucia says she is going to die!"

"What of it?" said the physician unhesitatingly.

"What of it! What of it! What do you mean?" cried John, a growing horror in his voice.

"Just because she says so is no reason it's true," said Brownlow, briskly. "Your wife was a queer woman, and she led you a dog's life. It wasn't her fault," he continued, waving aside John's protest; "she was abnormal. There was just one thing she needed—and now she's got it—a baby. A baby to hold in her arms and to make a human, normal mother and wife of her."

"And she's not going to—"

"Booh!" exclaimed the old man, testily. "You can go up-stairs now and laugh at her—gently, gently."

In a moment, John was on his knees by his wife's bed.

"Lucia, Lucia," he murmured brokenly, "you guessed wrong; it's the beginning, dear, the beginning, not the end."

Her arm stole weakly about his neck.

"I believe you're right," she whispered.

Modernizing the Automobile

THE GREAT IMPROVEMENTS
HAVE BEEN WROUGHT THROUGH PERFECTION OF DETAIL
AND DEVELOPMENT OF SMALLEST PARTS

By Elbert Balmer

IN this age the man who would attain the highest degree of success must specialize. No person can drive half a dozen callings ahead. The demand is for skilled concentration. Provided he is afforded the opportunities necessary the worker with ability, training and experience will achieve the greatest success. Perhaps it should be added that he will, if he makes the proper use of his talents—if he is industrious. At any rate, genius excels in specialized service, which makes for progress whether it be in science, or commerce, or invention.

Possibly in no other branch of industry have specialists excelled more than in the manufacture of automobiles. The improvements have been steady and sustained—the result of constant study and experiments on the part of experts, even in the smallest details. Indeed, to the parts manufacturer, is due no small share of the credit for the rapid development of the automobile industry. His work began at the time when twenty miles an hour was considered a dangerous speed on the road, when if an automobile would go a few miles without stopping for some adjustment it was considered good enough to rank with the best. Due in some degree to his efforts, stock cars are now built capable of going thousands of miles with the bonnet sealed or that may be driven in a race five hundred miles at seventy-four miles an hour without mechanical adjustment.

This perfection in these units the parts manufacturer supplies has been brought about, first, by specialization, the concentration of the force of an entire organization upon one or at most a very few articles; second, by co-operation with his customers, making use of their sugges-

tions for improvement, arising from their varied experience in the use of the article. As a result his product to-day represents as great a development as that shown by the automobile as a whole.

ADVANCE ALWAYS EXPECTED.

It is seldom, indeed, that any design is in such perfect form when first presented to the public that further improvement cannot be made. It may have shown such good results in the first trials that the makers were justified in placing it on the market, and while it may at all times have given a good account of itself, yet as it goes through the fire of the real test its use on thousands of cars of scores or hundreds of different makes, under all possible conditions of service, it must, to hold its popularity, be so refined and improved that just complaints shall be, not only largely, but entirely removed.

Different sizes or models for the varied conditions of service are usually required, and it is necessary also to make sure that the customer not only receives the proper size for his work, but that it shall be properly installed. The extra effort and expense this entails is an insurance against trouble that is well justified. Fortunately the average automobile designer is broad enough to realize that the necessary engineer, from his experience in hundreds of installations, is in position to solve satisfactorily any problems that may arise in the mounting or use of his product. Here the necessary manufacturer who is a specialist in his line co-operates to the direct advantage of the design of the car as a whole.

Any product as it approaches perfection must not only improve in design, but also a better selection of materials must be

made, if complaints ever arise from that source, and the standard of workmanship must be raised if greater accuracy is practical. It is surprising the great number of little refinements that can be made in an article really good in the first place where an organization is devoting its entire effort to it and has the benefit of experience under all condition of service on all weights and styles of cars.

CORRECT EVERY WEAKNESS.

A line may be changed at one point to improve appearance; an oil channel or an oil cup added to insure perfect lubrication at another point; a cover is added to exclude dust; one part of modified form is made to do the service of two or more used before; a dimension is increased, not because the part is really weak, but perhaps there was an occasion when, under particularly trying circumstances, that part bent, and that dimension must henceforth be beyond question.

It is these little improvements that gradually build up an article until it is safe, durable and satisfactory under all conditions of service, until it can be placed on a car and practically forgotten because of the entire absence of trouble from that source. When an article is very satisfactory it is in demand, which tends toward volume of business. Production in very large quantities permits of special machines, which not only reduce costs, but also make for greater accuracy and more perfect interchangeability.

Concentration on one article in the machine shop means constantly improved methods of doing work; special tools or jigs are devised for operations which would not be justified if made in a smaller way. The workmen attain the greatest possible skill, as in many instances one man will continue constantly at one operation.

Standardization and quantity production naturally reduce costs from the rough storehouse to the final assembling. The parts makers has in this way been able to do his share in lowering the price of the complete automobile.

The successful manufacturer has not allowed himself to rest with perfecting his product or lowering his costs, but has built up a service department, which enables him to make replacements with the least possible delay.

FOR PROGRESS AND PERMANENCY.

And so specializing has made for progress; not only that, it has made for permanency as well. It has enabled the parts manufacturer to secure for himself a permanent place in the automobile industry, and in making his product such that its use is a guarantee of the highest safety and efficiency he has contributed no little share to the advancement of the industry as a whole.

Every little while the cry goes up that the automobile business is on the wane, and that the bottom is about to drop out of it, as it did in the bicycle industry.

But those who have studied the problem realize that the call for motor cars of the standard high grade quality is steadily increasing. The companies that have been in business since the early years of the industry and that have built up a reputation for honest values in high grade products find no difficulty in marketing all the cars their factories are capable of producing.

The demand for high grade cars will never grow less. Aside from the health and pleasure motoring affords, there is a strong economic reason which will always insure a liberal use of these time savers. This reason lies in the fact that the daily struggle is to enlarge the sphere of human activity—to do more that we may get more and live better.

The human race has wasted many centuries for a swifter means of locomotion which will save time, and, as we say, "time is money." Thus it greatly enlarges our field of activity—the goal toward which we have always been striving. The motor car does this to such an extent that it is its province to be bought—to be purchased in constantly growing numbers, for nothing can approach in many years its tremendous advantages.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES OF THE WORLD

The Kaiser as He Is

THE GERMAN EMPEROR was once called by the late Marquess of Salisbury "the most misjudged man in the world," and this is certainly true to a very large extent. One has to be brought into intimate personal contact with him to realize the sterling worth of his character. In fact, it might be said that there are two Kaisers—one who appears upon the surface, and the real man who underlies it all. Those who know him least refer to him as the "first-brand of Europe," but nothing could be wider of the mark. As a matter of fact he is, and always has been, a great asset towards assuring the peace of the world. This may be deemed rather a startling assertion to make, but it is hoped before this article is completed to produce at least some evidence in support of the statement.

Such is the opinion of one "who is in intimate personal contact with the German Emperor," and who writes in *The Strand Magazine* with his personal permission. The character sketch is of particular interest because of the fact that numerous references are made to Great Britain. "In fact," asserts the writer, "the Kaiser has a very great liking for England and the English people, and an affection for the memory of the late Queen Victoria that almost amounts to veneration. He once said to a group of his officers that the two wisest and best monarchs that ever existed were Queen Victoria and his grandfather, the Emperor Wilhelm I.

"With two such grandparents," he added, with one of his whimsical smiles, "I ought to make a successful ruler." He frankly confesses that he has taken these two as his models throughout his life, and that when any crisis arises he asks himself what they would have done in like cir-

cumstances, and, so far as lies in his power, he endeavors to mould his attitude upon similar lines.

The Emperor is often referred to as "Europe's busiest monarch," and this is well deserved. Not only is he the head of a great empire, but, as has been said, he interests himself in many matters that do not directly concern him. Thus he has made it his business to pay visits to practically every European monarch and to pass a few days with them, in order that he might become personally acquainted with them and learn to study their characteristics and their general attitude towards questions of international importance. It is certain that since the death of the late King Edward no living ruler is so well known to the Royalties of Europe as is the Kaiser.

Reference has previously been made to the liking that the Kaiser evidently possesses for Great Britain and its people. His affection for the late King Edward was much more deeply rooted than the outside world will ever know. When the news was broken to him that his beloved uncle had passed away, those about him declare that the Emperor utterly broke down—possibly the only occasion upon record—and, putting his head on his arm, sobbed quietly to himself for several moments. Once he had recovered from the first shock, however, the innate man of action asserted himself. As though half-ashamed of the weakness into which he had been betrayed he gruffly, and in his most peremptory manner, gave instructions for instant preparations to be made for his immediate departure for London, adding that his severest displeasure would be incurred by anyone who delayed for even a few moments.

In many ways does the Emperor show his liking for this country. One to which reference may be made is the annual invitations he sends to the heads of the British army to witness the grand manoeuvres of the German forces. Such of our generals as are able to accept these invitations are immediately made honored guests, and are frequently entertained at His Majesty's own table, while privileges are accorded to them that are not granted to any officers of other nations. The Kaiser has the greatest admiration for the military abilities of the Duke of Connaught, and during the many occasions that his Royal Highness has witnessed the work of the German troops in the field the Emperor has kept him constantly by his side and has eagerly discussed the various happenings of the day with him as they took place. "I never talk upon military matters with the Duke of Connaught," he once remarked to a group of his officers, "but he teaches me something I did not know before."

It has been said with considerable truth that the Kaiser is never so happy as when he is changing from one uniform to another. The number of these that he possesses is simply wonderful, and there is certainly no other monarch in the world who can appear in so many changes of garb. At each of the Royal palaces several rooms are given up to the storage of His Majesty's personal clothing, and everything is so arranged that his body servants can lay their hands upon any particular uniform required at a moment's notice. Each complete outfit, down to the spurs and the shoulder-knots, are placed in separate airtight boxes specially manufactured to hold them. These are all conspicuously numbered on the outside, so that they may be forthcoming the moment they are wanted. To be kept waiting for a moment longer than he thinks absolutely necessary causes the greatest annoyance to His Majesty, who stamps about the room in a state of great indignation until the object required—whatever it may be—is forthcoming.

Another favorite hobby of the Kaiser's is painting, and he is a really capable artist, with a leaning towards seascapes. While at sea he passes much of his time in sketching and painting, and examples of

his work are to be seen in many of the Royal palaces of Europe. Most of our own Royal residences contain at least one picture from his brush, including Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, Balmoral (where a pair of extremely well-drawn shooting-pictures are displayed), Sandringham and Marlborough House. Mention of these works of art by the Kaiser recalls the fact that he likewise contributed a sketch in what may, perhaps, be termed the "vigorously impressionistic" school to the unique collection that Queen Alexandra and the Empress Marie, of Russia, jointly own on the shores of the Sound, close to Copenhagen. The pictures in the drawing room here are all by Royal artists, and are one of the most interesting little collections that have ever been got together.

Reading takes up a good proportion of his spare time, and he follows closely every development in the literature of the principal countries of the world. Any new movement, be it in either art, literature, or philosophy, has always a very strong attraction of the Kaiser. The advance and development of medical science, too, strongly appeals to him, and he has devoted much of his time lately to studying. It is of the greatest interest to examine the many thousands of volumes of modern works that he has amassed. As might be expected from one of his essentially warlike temperament, books dealing with naval and military campaigns all over the world greatly predominate here. At each of the Kaiser's residences his private library is so arranged that any book he requires can instantly be placed before him.

Though the Kaiser is not seen out shooting to-day so frequently as was the case a few years ago, he is still a first-rate shot, and this is rather surprising, considering his physical infirmity, which is, however, nothing like so great as is sometimes asserted. He is likewise very expert at pig-sticking, though this is a sport that he but rarely indulges in now, owing to the representations of the danger that he thereby runs that have been made to him from time to time by the Empress and his advisers generally. His hunting and shooting preserves are still very extensive, though he has parted with several of them during recent years, and he makes it a

practice to entertain a succession of shooting parties each year. His Majesty greatly hopes to be joined at one of these by King George and Queen Mary towards the end of the present year.

Motoring is another pastime that does not find a very great amount of favor in the eyes of the Emperor, though the Crown Prince, upon the other hand, is a most enthusiastic motorist. Whenever possible the Kaiser prefers to ride on horseback, and for the sake of his health takes an hour's exercise every morning whenever this is at all possible. It has been truly said, by the way, that His Majesty never looks so well as he does on a horse.

There can be no doubt that the Kaiser is one of the most striking personages of

his time, and one who has stamped himself deeply upon contemporary events. There can be no question of his single-hearted devotion to his people and the Fatherland, but one wants to know him more intimately than the outside world ever will to realize the true worth of his character. In many ways his disposition is one filled with curious contrasts, and he will indeed be a bold man who would venture upon any occasion to prophesy precisely what course Wilhelm II. will adopt upon any subject that may come under his notice.

This is but an extract from an extensive article, the reading of which in *The Strand*, for April, cannot but prove both pleasurable and profitable.

Is France Bankrupt?

"FRANCE'S Empty Stocking" is the title of a striking article in *Hampton's Magazine*, written by F. Canlife-Owen, who was commissioned by the magazine to analyze the situation of great unrest among the peasantry of France. Many students of national affairs profess to see in this a revival of monarchical sentiment. Just as the Commune Insurrection would never have taken place "had the stocking not been empty," as Gambetta once expressed it, so to-day there might be little cause for unrest were it not for the conditions of poverty.

Describing these conditions the article proceeds:

To-day the stocking of the women is once more empty, and that not alone in Paris, as in 1871, but throughout the length and breadth of France, in the rural districts as well as in the small towns and great cities.

In fact, at this moment France is in danger of a revolution far more serious than that of 1871 on the banks of the Seine, and more closely resembling that of 1793, which was likewise the result of the empty stocking and starvation—with this difference: that whereas the Terror of 1793 caused the overthrow of the monarchy, and the establishment in its stead of a republic, the impending revolution is like-

ly to destroy the republic, and bring about the restoration of the throne in France.

It will be objected to this that the coffers of the Bank of France are filled to overflowing. That may well be the case. But it does not prevent the stockings being empty.

There are two things which go to show that the leading men of the present republic are keenly alive to the dangers of the situation resulting from this. In the first place, there is the composition of the new French cabinet itself, which includes not only three ex-premiers, but also other statesmen of sufficient eminence to warrant their demand for its presidency. Representing different shades of republicanism, they have been moved by the critical character of present conditions to sink all their political differences, their personal ambitions, and to consent in some cases to the heaviest pecuniary sacrifices—such as, for instance, Prime Minister Poincaré, who has relinquished his extremely lucrative legal practice in order to unite in a common effort to save the republic. Only a realization of the peril menacing the latter, a peril which they admit themselves to be more serious than at any moment since 1871, could have brought all these men together, under one political hat, and into one administration,

the very composition of which must be regarded as a striking admission of the gravity of the crisis.

The second illustration of the latter is the appointment by the Government of a commission to investigate the causes of the empty stocking, and to suggest speedy and efficacious methods for relieving the distress which is almost universal among the masses throughout France. And things have reached such a pass that the subject is actually considering the advisability of arbitrarily fixing by force the prices of food, so as to bring them within the reach of the starving people.

This is in itself a revolutionary remedy, which naturally causes the utmost uneasiness among the owners of property, great and small; so that the republic is falling foul not only of the masses, but also of the classes.

The causes of the empty stocking of to-day are different from those of 1871, which resulted from the siege of Paris by the Germans, and culminated in the Commune insurrection. It did not affect the remainder of France; and this was eloquently shown when the moment arrived to pay that huge war indemnity which was to relieve French territory of the hateful presence of the Teuton invader, the indemnity being almost entirely paid by the savings of the French peasants and working classes—from the traditional French stocking, the contents of which had remained but slightly impaired—and which were gladly loaned to the republic in return for *Rentes*, that is to say, Government bonds.

If to-day the stocking is empty, it is not due to siege or war, but to the extraordinary high price of even the most ordinary and necessary articles of food, to the stagnation of the labor market and of trade and industry, caused by labor troubles, by uncertainty of the future and finally by excessive taxation. For there is no country in the world that staggers under so colossal a national debt as France, or the people of which are more heavily taxed. Thus, the national debt alone amounts to some \$6,000,000,000, which means a capital charge of about \$150 for each man, woman and child, and an annual tax of between \$5 and \$6 per head of the entire population, added to which

there is the provincial debt of the Department, and the debt of the Communes, amounting to another \$1,000,000,000, which likewise constitutes a heavy annual share per capita, in the way of interest.

Besides all this, the unfortunate French taxpayers have to provide another \$600,000,000 of annual revenue to defray the yearly cost of the army, the navy and the various forms of government administration, the civil end of which alone employs nearly 1,000,000 officials of one kind or another.

"With regard to the cost of living, it has increased everywhere, while the income has stood still. For despite all the strikes for increase of remuneration for work done, the average earnings of the workmen remain about the same as they were, when all things are taken into consideration. Consequently, the housewives have not only been unable to add to the contents of the stocking by means of savings, but have been actually obliged to have recourse to the latter, until nothing more remains, merely in order to pay the increased price of food. If they are to feed their husbands, their children and themselves, the cost of living must be diminished, and if those who sell bread and cheese, milk and butter, and other food, will not reduce their prices to fit the earnings of the laboring man, it is a question between obtaining that food by force or lingering starvation."

Added to these conditions the fact that the anarchistic and revolutionary organizations are fomenting trouble, that the restraining influence of the clergy and religious orders upon the people is gone, and that the republic is powerless to furnish any efficacious remedy for the present crisis—and, argues the writer, the alternative is a monarchy. As to the possibility of such a development the writer adds:

"Most probably the latter will be preceded by the revolution, which I have described as imminent, and when anarchy reigns supreme, and not merely Paris, as in 1871, but all France is ablaze and disorganized by mob rule, the people, especially those who are desirous of preserving what has been left to them of capital and property, and above all those who wish for a restoration of order, and for the security of life, will call upon one or another of the

monarchical pretenders to undertake the task of evolving order out of chaos, with the assistance of the army. The latter might be relied upon to respond to the call in such a case. But while the republic can depend upon the patriotism of the

new splendidly organized and perfectly equipped army to defend the country against any foreign foe, it has no assurance that it would respond to its call for the maintenance of the existing regime against the will of the people."

Seven Business Fallacies

THE average business man is perfectly willing to take what he regards as his "profits," but few men know precisely what profits are. The question, as Professor F. W. Taussig, author of "Principles of Economics," admits in *System*, is by no means a simple one. Some economists, for instance, sharply distinguish business profits from wages. Part of what a business man gets is thought to be simply wages; but part is neither wages, nor interest, nor rent; it is different from these. This peculiar element is regarded as profits. This mode of sharply separating business wages from profits Professor Taussig deems artificial. He says:

"Looking over the whole varied range of earnings among those engaged in the business career, it is simplest to regard them all as returns for labor—returns marked by many peculiarities, among which the most striking are the risks and uncertainties, the wide range, the high gains from able pioneering.

"In some cases, business profits are separated from wages by considering as wages that amount which the individual would have been paid if hired by someone else. An independent business man's actual earnings are likely to exceed that sum; the excess is business profits. Here emphasis is put on the element of risk. Profits differ from wages in that they are the result of the assumption of risk and are the reward for that assumption."

Academic as these discussions may seem, they affect vitally every business man, large or small. For, as Marshall T. van Slyke remarks in *Business*, to know what dividends you are really entitled to draw, it is necessary to look the facts in the face, avoid all fallacies, count in every expense, and set the price that will pay the profit. This, he goes on to say, is no small order. "But," he insists, "if you

have the courage to study your business just as critically as tho it were a competitor's, it is possible to discover the real facts—and make real profits. Search for the expenses that get away and you will know what your business really pays." The average business does not really pay what it is supposed to pay because the owner lacks sufficient business training to discover the hidden leaks. His premises are wrong, his principles wrong, and his calculations often wrong.

The first and most general fallacy is that which, in spite of figures, repeats to itself: "I am making ten or some other per cent." This form of self-hypnosis is so common that it has almost the force of a trade custom:

"'If I ever want to sell out,' the owner reasons, 'I can't sell a business that does not pay. Then, too, if I claim my business is not paying, it is a reflection on my ability. I'll just boost.' So he makes the claim of a mythical ten, or twenty, or twenty-five per cent., until he actually believes that he is earning that much.

"A department store man in an Illinois town celebrated, this fall, his forty-fifth anniversary in his town and store. It is his proud boast that he has made, year in and year out, his twenty per cent. So firmly is this fixed in his mind that he resents, as a disloyal act, the attempt of his son—a skilled accountant—to show him that last year's business paid him but fourteen and one-half per cent. and that he has had years when he actually lost money. The son, used to figuring the profits of city concerns, sees in a glance what the father has not seen in forty-five years of business in one store."

A second fallacy is the assumption that all or a great part taken in over the cost price is profit.

"The master barber of a five-chair shop found one of his best men figuring. 'Going to start a shop,' he announced. 'Last Saturday I did nine dollars and sixty cents worth of work for which you gave me four dollars; consequently you made five dollars and sixty cents off me. I am going to start a shop and get all the profit.'

"This journeyman barber, having omitted to note that he had drawn three dollars for Tuesday's work—which day he took in but one dollar and sixty-five cents—he was a surprised man when the new shop was sold out five months later to pay wages and rent."

Third on the list of profit-eating fallacies, Mr. van Slyke goes on to say, is the belief that every expense incurred because of the business should be charged in the expense to run. Thus a delicatessen owner neglected to charge in the wages of his wife and children in running the business. His oversight is duplicated every day. Where a business owns a building, the rental is frequently neglected in figuring; charity donations are often "stood" by clerks and department heads; window displays, particularly where the display is depreciable, often fail to connect with a charge; and interest on investment is never figured by fully sixty per cent. of business men to-day.

A fourth fallacy is to take the price paid the supplier as the actual price of goods, neglecting various other items such as expressage. The cost price of goods is their cost when on the shelves ready to sell.

Fifth—and one of the greatest fallacies of business—is the theory that profit percentages are figured on the price paid for merchandise. That overactivity in one department is successful in overcoming loss, neglect, or lack of method in another, is a sixth fallacy that misleads many in an honest attempt to determine the real profit.

"Extra business necessitates extra expenses," rectifies the seventh fallacy. Almost every business man has his eye on a point ahead where he will round out profit by a little more business.

"There is a metropolitan printer, who, for eight years, has been trying to make a profit of \$10,000. A number of consecutive years shows profits of \$8,217; \$8,438; \$8,269; \$8,114, and \$8,716. The second year in the above series—the one paying a profit of \$8,438—was one in which the proprietor figured: 'If I can handle \$17,000 gross more business, I can make the \$1,783 more profit needed.' Next year he did indeed handle his required \$17,000 gross, but to do it he had to bid into complicated machine jobs, jobs which it was found later, when costs systems were installed, were 'losers' for every printer who touched them. Laying his failure to make profit to the type-setting department, next year he pushed pressroom and bindery, only to come out \$1,702 behind the profit mark set.

"Interviewed lately on the subject of profits, he declared: 'Extra business costs extra money to handle. No printer, or manager in any other line of business, can make more profit merely by adding to volume. It may work out on paper but it won't work out in the shop. I figure it this way: The manager of any well-regulated business, as mine, is kept fairly busy. Each year he is growing busier. Additional business calls for more oversight and more oversight calls for more time—which is not to be had without more expense. When you start out to add to profit by any other method than by cutting expense you have a ticklish road to travel—unless you can get a greater amount of work done for the same money, in which case you are cutting expense by short cuts disguised.'"

Changes Needed In Presidential Term

WHATEVER may be the difference of opinion among the dominant political parties of the United States as to questions of policy, the leaders are slowly becoming a unit in their views that some change in

the presidential term would be desirable. The advantages of a longer tenure without re-election are now being urged. In an editorial reference to the question, *The Century* says:

It is remarkable that in the present political campaign the programme of the "Progressives" has not long ago included a proposal to change the Presidential period from two possible terms of four years each to one of six or eight years with ineligibility, as provided by bills recently introduced in both houses of congress. For such a reform is certainly in line with their professed desire and purpose of giving to the people a more actual control of affairs.

The power that may be and sometimes has been wielded by a President for his own re-election, or for that of his chosen candidate for the succession, is enormous and constitutes a menace to the will of the people. It is in part, to prevent such influence that the merit system is urged in place of the spoils system, and it is to the credit of our recent Presidents that by extending the operation of the former they have discarded the spoilsman's view of the power of appointment—though, to be exact, this power has often proved a boomerang. (Who was it that said that every post office appointment made him six enemies and one lukewarm friend?)

But, nevertheless, so long as there are many offices higher than the clerical class to be filled by the executive and another term is in sight, Presidents will continue to have the temptation to associate the two in their minds. From Jackson to the present day the usage has been uniform, and uniformly objectionable, and it will always be so till we adopt a single term, with no hope of the prolongation or return to power.

Women's Wages

WOMEN have invaded every field of industry to such an extent that the problem of "Women and the Wage Question," on which Joanne Robert writes in *The American Review of Reviews* has been a dominant issue. "What is a 'living wage'?" asks the writer after describing the conditions existing in a cotton factory in which were found hundreds of girls. The article proceeds:

"Those who have investigated the conditions surrounding workingwomen in

The well-known disadvantages which each quadrennial contest produces, beginning two years before the election and lasting to the end of the term, are too important to be ignored. Among them are the intrigues pro and con which cause legislation to be considered from factional or political points of view instead of on its merits; the diversion of time and effort from the most efficient performance of the duties of the Presidency and of Congress, and the effect of the tradition (whatsoever it may lack of real basis) that a Presidential year is a bad one for business.

Let us imagine the reform accomplished. Think what the office would gain in dignity and worth; how free the President would be to plan and pursue his public policies exempt from partisan considerations, and how much freer members of Congress would be so to consider them; how independent he would be to stand for the people, of whom he is the chief exponent, because he is the only official elected by all the people.

His fame and the opportunity of establishing it by great services, unthwarted by patronage or the hope of patronage, would be to him a daily inspiration, and, whatsoever might be thought of his policies, he would leave office with greater self-respect and a higher regard from his fellow-citizens of all political faiths than is now possible in the atmosphere of detraction in which a high-minded President must live. How long shall it be before this nation of "business men" awakens to the folly of permitting the personal equation to distract attention from the real business of government?

various industries and who have also done much to alleviate misery arising from intolerable conditions think that the answer to this question lies in the fact that the need of work has been so great and women in industry so numerous that the employers have dictated their own terms to the workers without regard as to whether the wage offered was a living wage.

"In the State of Kentucky there are 47,000 workingwomen who earn only \$5.50 a week and there are 3,000 women

in the tobacco industry who earn only \$4.50 a week. Investigations show that \$6.50 is the least that a woman can live decently on. Mrs. Glendower Evans, of the Minimum Wage Commission appointed last year in Massachusetts, sets forth facts taken from the Federal Labor Report which illumine this topic.

"Of the store women investigated, 4.8 per cent. had insufficient food or housing, or both. These women were earning on an average a weekly wage of \$5.31, and the average cost of necessities, such as rent, food, light, heat, and laundry, was \$4.35, leaving less than \$1 to cover other necessities. Of a group of 1,568 women workers in Boston, 62 per cent. had no margin whatever to spend on amusement. Every penny went to—"just live." In that city, half the women drift, a matter of 20,000 or more, were living in lodgings or boarding houses and two-thirds of these—that is, between 13,000 and 14,000 girls or women, had to entertain their friends, men as well as women, in their bedrooms. This fact reveals how exposed young and friendless workingwomen are to circumstances of life that are not conducive to the best and highest ideals of conduct. The report of the Massachusetts Commission on Minimum Wage Boards presented the analysis and the facts concerning the wages of 15,807 women engaged in four of the leading industries in Massachusetts. Some of these women were earning less than \$4 a week, many less than \$5, and most of them between \$5 and \$6 a week.

"If it is right that we should regulate child labor, it is right that we should regulate the conditions surrounding women in industry. If government orders that we safeguard the child in industrial conditions, it has not grasped its responsibility in its entirety unless it also orders that we safeguard women in industrial conditions. If we desire to have the children of the coming generation strong and well-born, we must give the workingwomen healthful conditions surrounding their labor and pay them a living wage; for in the mothers as well as in the children rests the hope of the state.

The remedy for the situation is being evolved gradually. Last year, Massachusetts appointed a commission to investi-

gate the question. This commission presented its report to the legislature in January last, together with a bill in which was recommended the establishment of a Minimum Wage Board. This bill provides that there be established a Minimum Wage Commission to consist of three persons, one of whom may be a woman, to be appointed by the Governor, the duty of these commissioners being to inquire into the facts appertaining to wages paid female employees in the Commonwealth and to establish wage boards of not less than six representatives of the employers in given trades and not less than six of the female employees in the said trade, and also one or more disinterested persons to represent the public. When two-thirds of the members of a wage board shall report to the Minimum Wage Commission the wage upon which they are agreed as proper compensation for labor at a given trade, the commission shall review the same and may decide favorably or may disapprove or may recommend the matter to the same or a new wage board. When the commission approves of the findings of a wage board, it shall issue an order declaring such determinations to be the legal minimum wage for women and minors in the said occupation and may issue an order to employers to be effective sixty days after date. After the sixty days it shall become unlawful for an employer to offer less than the rate of wage prescribed by the commission.

"The wage-reform movement has been opposed from all quarters—by the parents and families of the working-girls who have homes, because of the threatened reduction in the family income; by the girls themselves, because there were always so many waiting to take their places; by the manufacturers, because of the profit that comes to them from cheap labor; by the legislators, because they, as a body, are suspicious of anything that looks like reform; and, last, by the general public through its indifference to the questions involved.

New the public really makes up a large part of the wage deficit with its various charities. Fifty-two per cent. of the charitable cases recently investigated were caused by destitution directly or indirectly traceable to misfortune and calamities

which were the result of underpaying and the resultant underfeeding, and unhealthy living. As we have nothing as yet that is comparable to the German system of old-age insurance, nor similar to the Lloyd-George Insurance bill, which recently became effective in England, there is no provision other than charity for the old age of the underpaid woman worker. No matter how faithfully she may toil during the years she is at full earning power, a matter of twenty years at the

maximum (for the earning power of women declines rapidly after twenty years, there is no haven for her old age. She goes on working in the factories, as Charles Edward Russell says, 'for \$5 a week and the privilege of being burned to death,' and when health and strength fail there waits for her the almshouse or the precarious existence of the old woman who does odd jobs until hunger and privation finish their work."

Corruption in the Courts

NO series of articles in American magazines has aroused greater interest in recent times than that of C. P. Connolly on "Big Business and the Bench," in *Everybody's Magazine*. In three articles which have already appeared some startling examples have been given of what is happening in the American courts. Even if one assume that the cases detailed are sporadic, they are ominously widespread. The most recent article pictures the political boss, the corporation, and the judge with hands joined in friendship—an alliance that takes from the individual the assurance of justice and threatens the honest judge with retirement to private life as the penalty for his integrity.

"No one pretends that the judges against whom the most severe and well-merited criticism is directed are always incompetent or always unjust," writes Mr. Connolly. "Those that are selected by corrupt political machines, under the influence of railways and other corporate powers, often are as able and orderly in the daily operation of their courts as one could desire. In casual litigation between man and man these courts may preserve the ideals of justice in the highest degree. But such judges are usually there because they can be depended upon when the issue arises in which the influence behind them has something at stake; because then, by virtue of either their loyalty or their temperament, things will be 'safe' in their hands.

Judges of our highest courts have been selected in practically every important

State of the Union for their known conservatism, if not for worse; and conservatism has meant always the support of corporate and property rights to the utmost as against individual rights and the rights of the public as represented by the State. These judges have resolved ambiguities in the law in favor of large and powerful interests. They have upheld supposed powers of corporations heretofore unknown to the reason or theory of the law. They have annulled by judicial decisions, or warped from their purpose, laws which Congress and Legislatures have, in speems of public virtue, passed for the general good. They have reached out the long and tortuous arm of the law and gathered these enactments into a scrap-heap of "un-constitutional" relics.

In this raid on our judicial system, barriers of the law have been struck down in the interest of these corrupt and powerful forces, and new barriers erected against their already too-helpless opponents. It is too often the rule that the mere lack of influence or of wealth seems to operate mechanically against the justice to which these litigants look forward. I am talking now, not against an isolated condition here and there, but—no matter what hostility the charge may arouse—against conditions that are almost universal.

It is so much easier to fortify one's point by a case which attracts wide public attention, even though it has indirectly illustrates the point. While I write, a Federal judge in New York City fines in the sum of \$25,000 a rich man who had

defrauded the Government of some \$1,400,000. At the same time, the same judge sentenced to three months' imprisonment a minor offender who had defrauded the Government of \$2,500. The rich smuggler had netted \$1,375,000. He had, figuratively, departed from court with the loot under his arm. He was an importer of silks. The Greek who was sentenced to jail was an importer of dates and figs. Were I in the Greek's place, I think I should change from figs to silks.

Watch the elevators in our Federal buildings, and see the trembling, handcuffed wretches who enter, charged with distilling a hoghead of wine, or some such minor offence. Go then into the office of the district attorneys and watch the trust magnate who has levied unlawful tribute on a nation, in unfettered conference with his lawyers and Government officials—and tell me if this is a land of equal law!

The State of Pennsylvania, with all its wealth and influence, affords some interesting examples of court workings when political interests are involved.

In 1901 the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed what was known as the "ripper" law. The State Republican machine did not have the political support of the local authorities of Pittsburgh, Allegheny or Scranton. It secured this support by an act removing the mayors of these cities and giving the Governor of the State the power to appoint their successors under the title of "recorders." This act placed the rebellious cities in a class by themselves, contrary to a constitutional provision declaring that the general assembly should not pass any local or special law regulating the affairs of cities.

An appeal was made to the Supreme Court of the State to prevent this decapitation of officials elected by the people. That court decided that the distress of the ring was paramount to the provision of the constitution. Justice Dean, who wrote a dissenting opinion, concurred in by Justices McCollum and Mestrestre, called attention to the fact that, in the not very remote past, it had been the custom in English politics, as soon as a victorious

political party was sealed in power, to cut off the heads of its leading antagonists and to confiscate their property; and he said that, if constitutional provisions were to be so easily overturned, it might become a habit in Pennsylvania to confiscate the offices of every enemy of the dominant political ring in the State.

During the pendency of this case in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the charge was made in the Philadelphia Press, with specific details of time, place, and language, that Justice Potter, of the Supreme Court, had talked over the long-distance telephone with Governor Stone, and had kept him advised of the discussion of the case among the judges. The opinion disclosed that the judges mentioned in the alleged telephone conversations voted as Judge Potter had declared, according to these statements, they would vote.

"Recorder" Brown, of Pittsburgh, who, under this law, had secured a seven-thousand-dollar office, took the stump in the following campaign, and, defending Judge Potter, who was a candidate for reelection, announced that the judge had a perfect right to communicate in advance the decision of the court.

"If it was done," he said, "Potter only did what other judges of the Supreme Court have done. They have communicated with me in an almost similar manner."

While this "ripper" case was before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, almost at the moment when Justice Potter was alleged to have informed the ring as to the way in which the case would be decided, he made an address before the graduating class of the Philadelphia Law School.

"I love to think," said Justice Potter, "of the chivalric side of the profession of the law; of the opportunities it gives to throw a lance full and fair into the face of many a frowning wrong; of the ability that it bestows for the protection of the right, for the uplifting of the poor and down-trodden, for the enforcement of equity and the restoration of ill-gotten gains."

Making Vacation Pay

AN insurance company employing 200 to 300 in the home office has a head stenographer who tactfully maintains discipline and still is "one of the girls." In her intimacy with the stenographic corps she became impressed by their improvidence. The stenographer's salaries ranged from \$8 to \$15, yet hardly any saved. Some spasmodically "put by" a few dollars, only to withdraw them for a passing fancy.

Vacation season opened the head stenographer's eyes to the far-reaching effect of this thriftlessness. From June to October, they were a disgruntled lot.

"What's the use having a vacation if you can't go away?" they asked, morosely. That some had gotten together enough for a trip only deepened the general gloom.

"Save but fifty cents a week and you will have \$26 for vacation," the head stenographer told them, whereupon a few started fifty-cents-a-week accounts, which died within the month.

The head stenographer talked the mat-

ter over with an officer of the company and the "Bauverein" resulted. Now in its sixth year, it is regarded throughout the home office as making "life worth living." From the president to the office boys, everyone is invited (but not compelled) to save fifty cents a week. Those who desire may save \$1, \$1.50 or \$2, but this is the limit. Dues are paid every Friday (payday) to the cashier, who banks the collection, and as each employee leaves for vacation he (or she) is given the amount paid in the Bauverein and two weeks' advance salary. On October 1 the fund starts anew. The interest paid by the bank in January is divided pro rata among the members.

The following rules prevent the Bauverein from becoming hardensome to the cashier:

1. Members must pay dues on Friday between 12 and 2.
2. Anyone not paying at specified time will be dropped from Bauverein and forfeit amount paid in.

Profit Sharing in Small Business

LAST month Alexander Smith & Sons, a carpet company in Yonkers, N.Y.—one of those quiet concerns that rarely furnish material for the chronicler of financial news—sent checks for \$65,000 to employees.

The treasurer announced the event as the company's second semi-annual distribution of profits. He explained that workers of ten years' standing were receiving amounts equal to ten per cent. of their earnings for the six months ended December 31, last; and that those of more than five years' standing but less than ten were receiving amounts equal to five per cent. of their earnings. In all, 2,500 persons participated.

Profit-sharing has generally been looked upon as something to which a corporation's "bigness" was a condition precedent—something which might be practiced only by concerns equal in stature to the

United States Steel Corporation, the International Harvester Co., or to the Eastman Kodak Company. The last named figured conspicuously in last month's news, through its announcement of a plan to divide among its employees, all over the world, surplus earnings amounting to a half million dollars.

On March 12 the great Prudential Life Insurance Company gave out the news that it had inaugurated a pension system for its 5,000 employees. Retiring, a man or woman gets one per cent. of the average annual earnings over ten years, multiplied by the number of years of service.

It is generally assumed that such splendid acts of justice cannot be performed by smaller concerns. Various captains of industry, in testifying before the Senate Committee in Interstate Commerce, have suggested that such systems were possible only for the great widely owned "trusts."

In opposition, Louis D. Brandeis declared before the same body:

"Wise business men are seeing that, if they want to get the best they can out of the men, the men must work for themselves. It must be their business, and they must get all the fruit of what is earned over a fair return on capital. Instead of profit-sharing being possible only for capitalist institutions, we (in Massachusetts) have found by far the finest and best fruits of the system in small concerns; some of them family concerns, or concerns with a small number of partners, or stockholders, who were expanding and developing their business."

Mr. Brandeis instanced one comparatively small manufacturing concern in New England—the Dennison Manu-

facturing Company—which, after paying a liberal return on its capital, distributes each year to its employees, in proportion to their salaries, every cent of the remaining surplus. Another example was a grocery concern which pays 6 per cent. on its capital. It gives the remaining profits, one-half to its executive officers, and one-half to its working force, in addition to their salaries and wages.

In England, profit-sharing has long been successfully practiced in many of the staple trades, as "a substitute for the old personal bond between employer and employee." Over there they look upon the system as one practical means by which the small manufacturer and the small shopkeeper can perpetuate their business and compete on equal ground with their bigger brothers.

When Mark Twain Was "Robbed"

AN INTERESTING story of the "robbery" of Mark Twain, while on a Nevada lecture tour, is related by Albee B. Paine in *Harper's Magazine* in the course of his series of articles on "Some Chapters From an Extraordinary Life." During the Nevada tour, particularly at Virginia, Mark Twain's friends begged him to repeat his entertainment, but he resolutely declined.

"I have only one lecture yet," he said. "I cannot bring myself to give it twice in the same town."

But that irresponsible imp, Steve Gillis, who was again in Virginia, conceived a plan which would make it not only necessary for him to lecture again, but would supply him with a subject. Steve's plan was very simple: it was to relieve the lecturer of his funds by a friendly highway robbery and let an account of the adventure furnish the new lecture.

In "Roughing It," Mark Twain has given us a version of this mock robbery, which is correct enough as far as it goes, but important details are lacking. Only a few years ago (it was April, 1897), in his cabin on Jackson Hill, with Joseph Goodman and the writer of this history present, Steve Gillis made his "death-bed" confession as is here set down:

"Mark's lecture was given in Piper's Opera House, October 30, 1896. The Virginia people had heard many famous lectures before, but they were side-shows compared with Mark's. It could have been run to crowded houses for a week. We begged him to give the common people a chance, but he refused to repeat himself. He was going down to Carson, and was coming back to talk in Gold Hill about a week later, and his agent, Dennis McCarthy, and I laid a plan to have him robbed on the Divide between Gold Hill and Virginia, after the Gold Hill lecture was over and they would be coming home with the money. The Divide was a good, lonely place for it—famous for its hold-ups. We got City Marshal George Birdsell into it with us, and took in Leslie Blackburn, Pat Holland, Jimmy Eddington, and one or two more of Sam's old friends. We all loved him and would have fought for him in a moment. That's the kind of friends Mark had in Nevada. If he had any enemies, I never heard of them.

"We didn't take in Dan de Quille or Joe here, because Sam was Joe's guest, and we were afraid he would tell him. We didn't take in Dan, because we wanted him to write it up as a genuine robbery

and make a big sensation. That would prick the opera house at two dollars a seat to hear Mark tell the story.

"Well, everything went off pretty well. About the time Mark was finishing his lecture in Gold Hill, the robbers all went up on the Divide to wait, but Mark's audience gave him a kind of reception after his lecture, and we nearly froze to death up there before he came along. By and by I went back to see what was the matter. Sam and Dennis were coming, and carrying a carpet-bag about half full of silver between them. I shadowed them and blew a policeman's whistle as a signal to the boys when the lecturers were in about a hundred yards of the place. I heard Sam say to Dennis:

"I'm glad they've got a policeman on the Divide. They never had one in my day."

"Just about that time the boys, all with black masks on and silver dollars at the sides of their tongues to disguise their voices, stepped out the stuck six-shooters at Sam and Dennis, and told them to put up their hands. The robbers called one another 'Beauvire' and 'Stonewall Jackson.' Of course, Dennis' hands went up, and Mark's, too, though Mark wasn't a bit scared or excited. He talked to the robbers in his familiar fashion. He said:

"Don't flourish those pistols so promiscuously. They might go off by accident."

"They told him to hand over his watch and money, but when he started to take his hands down they made him put them up again. Then he asked how they expected him to give them his valuables with his hands up in the sky. He said his treasures didn't lie in heaven. He told them not to take his watch, which was the one Sandy Baldwin and Theodora Winters had given him; but we took it all the same.

"Whoever he started to put his hands down we made him put them up again. Once he said:

"Don't you fellows be so rough. I was tenderly reared."

"Then we told him and Dennis to keep their hands up for fifteen minutes after we were gone—this was to give us time to get back to Virginia and be settled when they came along. As we were going away Mark called:

"Say, you forgot something."

"What is it?"

"Why, the carpet-bag."

"He was cool all the time. Senator Bill Stewart in his biography tells a great story of how scared Mark was, and how he ran, but Stewart was three thousand miles from Virginia by that time, and later got mad at Mark because he made a joke about him in 'Roughing It.'

"Dennis wanted to take his hands down pretty soon after we were gone, but Mark said:

"No, Dennis. I'm used to obeying orders when they are given in that convincing way; we'll just keep our hands up another fifteen minutes or so for good measure." So Dennis was getting his punishment already.

"We were waiting in a big saloon on G Street, when Mark and Dennis came along. We knew they would come in, and we expected Mark would be excited: but he was as unflustered as a mountain lake. He told us they had been robbed, and asked me if I had any money. I gave him a hundred dollars of his own money, and he ordered refreshments for everybody. Then we adjourned to the Enterprise office, where he offered a reward, and Dan de Quille wrote up the story and telegraphed it to the Associated Press. Then somebody suggested that Mark would have to give another lecture now, and that the robbery would make a great subject. He entered right into the thing, and next day we engaged Piper's Opera House, and people were offering five dollars for front seats. It would have been the biggest thing that ever came off in Virginia if it had come off.

"But we made a mistake then, by taking Sandy Baldwin into the joke. We took in Joe here, too, and gave him the watch and money to keep, which made it hard for Joe afterward. But it was Sandy Baldwin that ruined us. He had Mark out to dinner the night before the show was to come off, and after he got well warmed up with champagne he thought it would be a smart thing to let Mark into what was really going on.

"Mark didn't see it our way. He was mad clear through."

At this point Joseph Goodman took up the story. He said:

"Those devils put Sam's money, watch, keys, pencils, and all his things into my hands. I felt particularly mean at being made accessory to the crime, especially as Sam was my guest, and I had grave doubts as to how he would take it when he found out the robbery was not genuine.

"I felt particularly guilty during the forenoon, when Sam said:

"Joe, those damned thieves took my keys, and I can't get into my trunk. Do you suppose you could get me a key that would fit my trunk?"

"I said I thought I could, during the day; and after Sam was gone I took his own key, put it in the fire, and burned it to make it look black. Then I took a file and scratched it here and there to make it look as if I had been fitting it to the lock, feeling guilty all the time, like a man who is trying to hide a murder. Sam did not ask for his key that day, and that evening he was invited to Judge Baldwin's to dinner. I thought he looked pretty silent and solemn when he came home, but he only said:

"Joe, let's play cards: I don't feel sleepy."

"Steve here and two or three of the other boys who had been active in the robbery were present, and they did not like Sam's manner, so they excused themselves and left him alone with me. We played a good while; then he said:

"Joe, these cards are greasy. I have got some new ones in my trunk. Did you get that key to-day?"

"I fished out that burned, scratched-up key with fear and trembling. But he didn't seem to notice it at all, and presently returned with the cards. Then we played and played and played—till one o'clock—two o'clock—Sam hardly saying a word, and I wondering what was going to happen. By and by he laid down his cards and looked at me and said:

"Joe, Sandy Baldwin told me all about that robbery to-night. Now, Joe, I have found out that the law doesn't recognize a joke, and I am going to send every one of those fellows to the penitentiary."

"He said it with such solemn gravity and such vindictiveness that I believed he was in dead earnest.

"I know that I put in two hours of the hardest work I ever did trying to talk him out of that resolution. I used all the arguments about the boys being his oldest friends; how they all loved him, and how the joke had been entirely for his own good; I pleaded with him, begged him to reconsider; I went and got his money and his watch and laid them on the table, but for a time it seemed hopeless. And I could imagine those fellows going behind the bars, and the sensation it would make in California; and just as I was about to give it up he said:

"Well, Joe, I'll let it pass—this time; I'll forgive them again; I've had to do it so many times; but if I should see Dennis McCarthy and Steve Gillis mounting the scaffold to-morrow, and I could save them by turning over my hand, I wouldn't do it."

"He canceled the lecture engagement, however, next morning, and the day after, left on the Pioneer Stage by the way of Donner Lake for California. The boys came rather sheepishly to see him off, but he would make no show of relenting. When they introduced themselves as Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, etc., he merely said:

"Yes, and you'll all be behind the bars some day. There's been a good deal of robbery around here lately, and it's pretty clear now who did it." They handed him a package containing the masks which the robbers had worn. He received it in gloomy silence, but as the stage drove away he put his head out of the window, and, after some pretty vigorous admonition, resumed his old smile and called out:

"Good-bye, friends!—good-bye, thieves! I bear you no malice." So the heaviest joke was on his tormentors, after all."

This is the story of the famous Mark Twain robbery, direct from headquarters. It has been garbled in so many ways that it seems worth setting down in full.

How to Obtain Buoyant Health

By Charles Draper

OXYPATHY is the treatment of disease by atmospheric oxygen—oxygen taken from the air. This is accomplished by means of the Oxyopath, which, when applied under proper conditions, so alters the magnetic properties of the body that the oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere is attracted toward it and absorbed by it.

Oxygen, as was first shown by the great scientist, Michael Faraday, is magnetic; more so than any other gas. The character of its magnetism is negative, and by rendering the body magnetically positive, as we do when the Oxyopath is applied, we secure a union or blending of the two. Faraday called this process, or processes similar to it, thermo-magnetic induction. Since his time the principles of atmospheric magnetism have been elaborated into the system called Oxyopathy, which is working such grand results in correcting diseased conditions.

It will be seen by this brief explanation that Oxyopathy is not a faith cure, as has been ignorantly or maliciously asserted by some people, but the scientific application of natural laws based on the discoveries of one of the greatest experimental philosophers the world has ever known. It works not by faith but by force—a force as true as the power that moves the planets. Its remarkable cures in the disease of children and dumb animals completely dispel the silly assertion that Oxyopathy is a faith cure.

The Oxyopath is a thermo-magnetic instrument whose influence is regulated by heat and cold. When attached to the body and cold is applied to the polarizer of the instrument the body's affinity for oxygen is immediately increased. The rate of this increase is measured by the degree of cold applied. A temperature slightly below that of the body causes the body to absorb oxygen in small amounts. As the temperature is lowered this

absorption is augmented, and at the freezing point (32 deg. Fahr.) it becomes intense. This process of oxygen absorption is susceptible of easy demonstration. Anyone who entertains any doubt concerning it will find by a practical test with the Oxyopath that our claim is not a theoretical assumption, but a scientific fact.

The action of the Oxyopath in influencing the body's intake of oxygen is remarkable, but no more so than any of the phenomena of heat, cold, light, motion, gravitation, electricity, molecular energy or any other principle of chemistry or physiology, nor is it any more to be doubted. It is a new and novel application of an old principle—a principle which was born with the universe. It is the application of a stupendous power—the power of oxygen compared with which the power of inert substances like drugs, as they are internally administered, sinks into insignificance. Oxygen is constructive. Drugs are destructive. Oxygen enters into all life and growth. Drugs are the ashes of decay, spelling disorganization and death.

Oxygen comprises nearly three-fourths of the weight of the human body. It enters into the formation of every part of it more largely than any other substance. Any derivation of oxygen supply, either by the air inhaled, the water drunk, or the food eaten, is followed by profound changes in the blood. Particularly is this the case when the amount of oxygen is below normal requirements. Combustion is then interfered with, growth and repair are interrupted and disease sets in. As the renowned physiologist (Pavlov) has said: "Life is a constant struggle against oxygen deficiency."

By introducing oxygen into the system by means of the Oxyopath we supply the oxygen deficiency which to a greater or less extent is always present in diseased conditions

and to which these conditions are chiefly due. The blood by this increased oxygen infusion is cleansed of its impurities, waste materials are oxidized and either appropriated by the system or emulsified from it, nutrition is promoted and weakness gives way to strength, energy and buoyant health.

The great power of oxygen as a germicidal agent is not to be forgotten. It is a disputed question as to whether germs directly cause diseases or whether they follow in the wake of disease and by setting up fermentation increase its violence. That they are associated with many diseases is known to be a fact and that they work great destruction of tissue is also well understood. The power of Oxypathic Oxygen to destroy these germs is one of its most extraordinary and valuable properties. It is the only substance, so far as known, that can be safely introduced into the body for this purpose. Certain secretions and excretions taken from diseased horses, cattle, dogs, rabbits, monkeys and other animals, have been claimed by some of the medical profession to possess germicidal properties, but experience has shown them to be more homicidal than germicidal. Many people have been killed outright and many made cripples and invalids for life by being inoculated with these filthy substances. Such weird and ghastly concoctions could only spring from the minds of men blinded by professional vanity, enslaved by superstition, or made desperate by waning prestige and poverty of resources.

Oxypathy is growing by leaps and bounds.

Fifteen years ago it was but little known. It had a few enthusiastic supporters who had tried it and realized its wonderful curative powers, but the great majority of the people had never heard of it.

To-day it is a recognised and established system in all parts of the world and its advocates are numbered by the millions. From Mexico, from Central and South America, from the Dominion of Canada, from Japan, China, India, from the East and West Indies, from Africa and from all the countries of Europe come daily reports of the marvellous success of this new method of overcoming disease.

Oxypathy is clean, safe, speedy and efficient.

It is scientific in its operation and in harmony with natural laws.

Unlike the drug treatment, it does not demoralise, enslave or destroy, but works for health, sanity and independence.

Everyone possessing an Oxypather is his own physician and thoroughly equipped with the best possible means of defending himself or his family against the most deadly infections. Whether in palace or hut, city, village, plantation, desert or jungle, the Oxypather affords its owner an assurance of security against disease whose value is beyond computation.

Among the many foreign countries where this new system of treatment is winning a strong position in the hearts of the public none deserves a more prominent position than England.

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Such is the progress of Oxypathy in England and in fact, throughout the entire civilized world.

Valuable information which should be in the hands of every person desiring to have perfect health can be obtained without charge by writing to Mr. J. P. Owen, General Manager for The Ontario Oxypather Co., 701 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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